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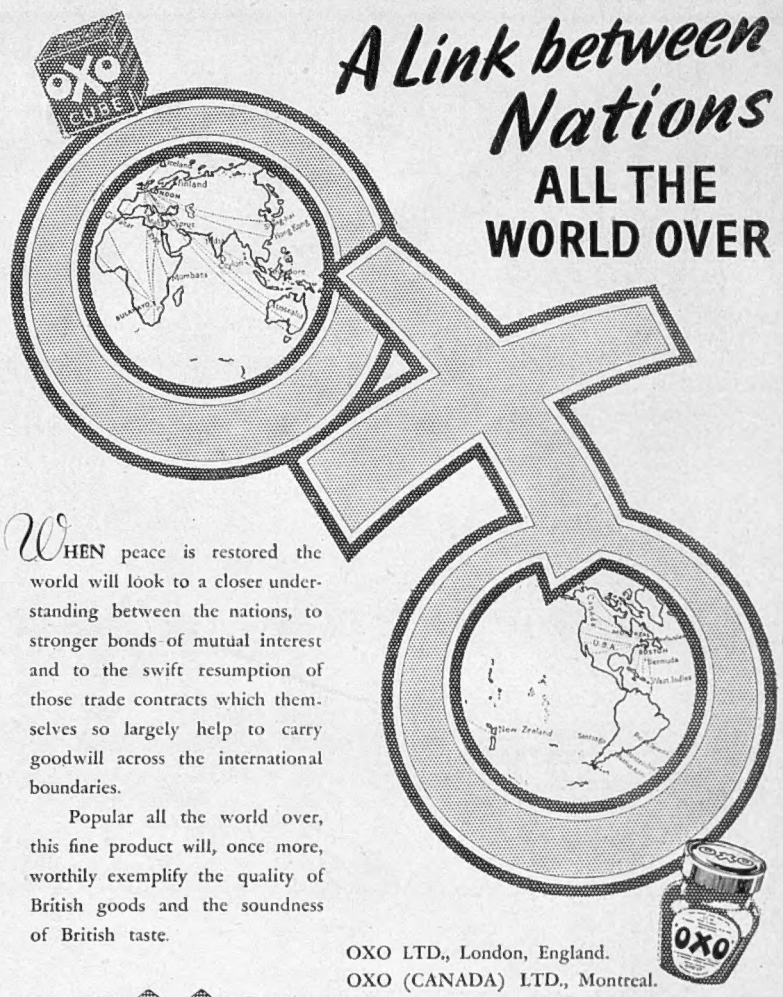

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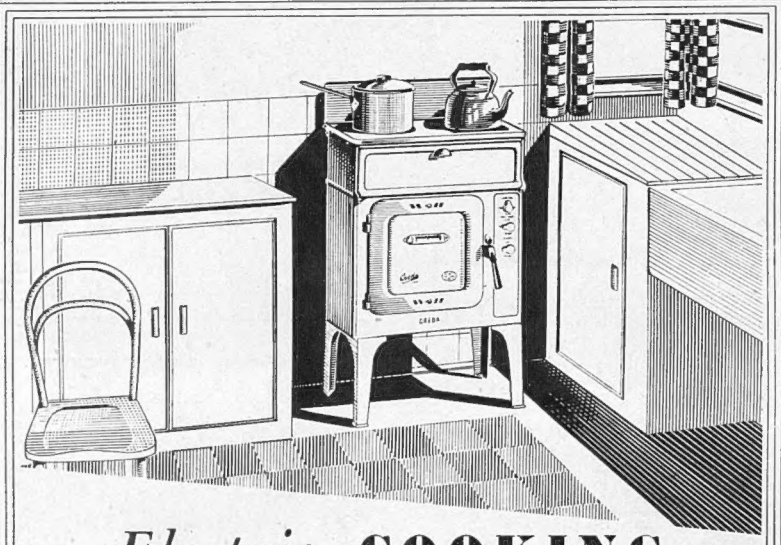

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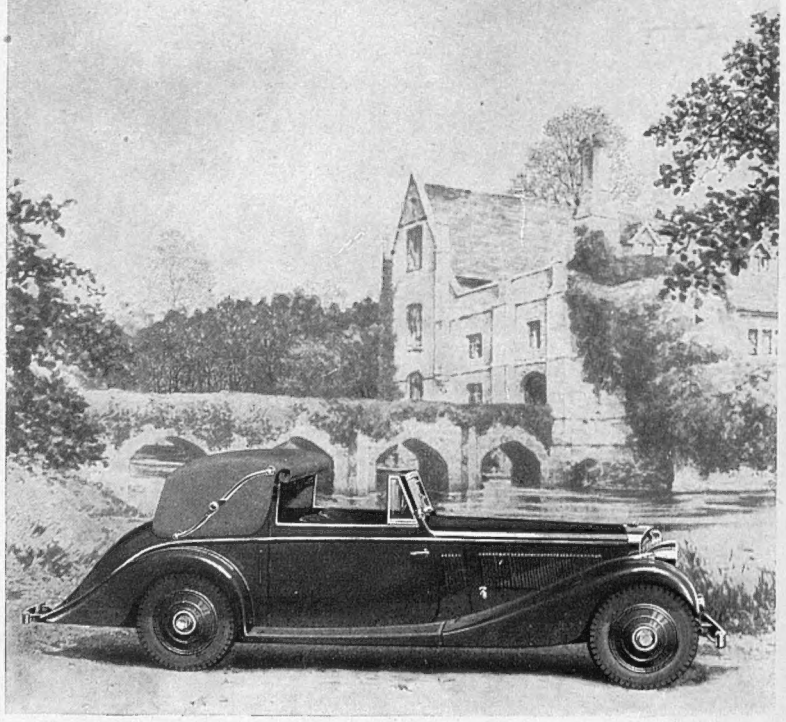

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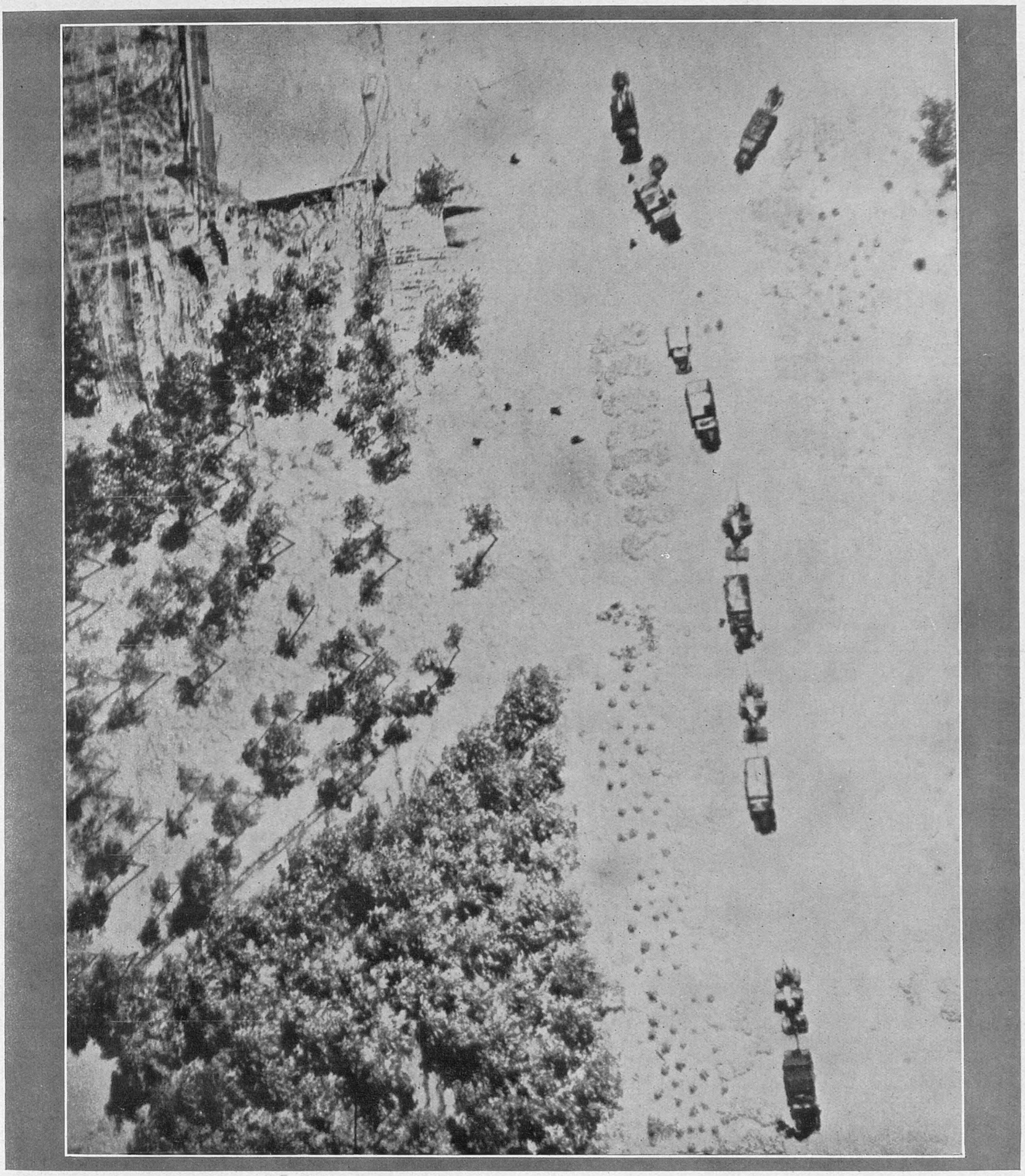

ENEMY GUNS ARE MOVED BACK TO THE GERMAN FRONTIER: A PICTURE FROM THE WESTERN FRONT INDICATING A SIGNIFICANT STEP OBSERVED IN THE VENLO AREA, where heavy artillery-pieces have been seen to be moving under cover of night towards Germany

R.A.F. fighters are continuously attacking targets on the railways and roads leading eastwards from the Dutch-German frontier: night and day patrols along the Western Front report back with the latest news of the enemy's movements. The snow-covered countryside has greatly assisted the flying camera-men in locating their targets and recording changes in deployment. This striking night photograph—taken from a low level—shows German field-guns being towed eastwards across the frontier near Venlo. The gigantic flash-bombs dropped from the aircraft have revealed every detail to the camera, even to the cleverly camouflaged shelter at the top left, which stands out clearly against the snow-covered background. The movement recorded here is most significant, announcing as it does the preparation for a German retreat at a most vital part of the enemy's western line

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A WAR NEWSLETTER —No. 283

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Logistics and Advances.—

Nothing hitherto in this war has upset the laws of logistics which define the limits of continuous advance by victorious armies. The great thrusts of the last war on a smaller scale are still leading cases, or have been so, up to now. Vast groups of armies may advance perhaps 200 miles (or less, according to the terrain) from long-prepared, stored and organised bases. Thereafter, they must pause, to organise new advance bases, to coil and spring again. So it has been hitherto. If Berlin looks very close to Koniev's spearheads, Moscow does not; nor indeed do the advance bases of December 1944. And still on some parts of the Russian front, the old "headache" of the change from broad to narrow gauge must trouble the transport chiefs. The inventive minds of Russian engineers have devised a hundred effective gadgets for rendering more swift, effective and frightful the onslaught of war, and I wonder if a device to equip rolling-stock with *adjustable* wheels to take broad or narrow gauge has been tried out, with failure or success. It would be a valuable patent. Already the Russian impetus has lasted longer than the most optimistic expected. Almost we begin to believe they have succeeded in dishing the inexorable laws of logistics which operate in two directions, staying the hunter and giving a reprieve to the hunted. What Wellington and Masséna learned in Spain, and Foch and Ludendorff at Amiens, the leaders of the present war have proved again to date. For a few weeks more we should keep our dreams in check, until Chief Justice Stalin has publicly torn up the last of the precedents.

Berlin . . . and After.—

Now, oddly enough, it is the Russian spokesmen who are loquacious and confident, and the Western pundits who counsel restraint. In the west, the strategists and pundits are still digesting the lesson of the Bulge, though the Bulge has disappeared. But the voice of Moscow is heard through the salvos declaring that Berlin is distant only a week or two of marching. That week or two will show whether Stalin can shatter the laws of logistics or whether those laws are still inexorable, and, when combined with Nazi recuperative powers, can postpone victory till summer. The great thaw (and bog-down) is not now very far distant. And there is another thing to consider: if, indeed, the Russians get to Berlin before the thaw, what then? Is Berlin the end? The loss of Silesia and the outflanking of the Ruhr on both sides spell, indeed, the doom of Germany in a matter of months; but there is plenty of ground between Norway, Holland, Mecklenburg and Saxony in which desperate armies of last-ditch resistance might manœuvre for weeks to come, and months. Much may remain to do when Berlin is at last occupied. Optimism and vigilance should still be restrained and constant, even as confidence strengthens to certainty.

Eastern Windows.—

The brightest light for the moment streams in from "Eastern windows." It is dazzling in the Near East; so dazzling as perhaps to obscure a new brightness in the Far East. Events on Luzon, as announced on the 21st, are surprising and significant. The Japanese failure hitherto to resist seriously the great American landings on Luzon and to arrest the march to Manila, puzzled me. If, now, the big Japanese forces on the island are indeed cut in two, and the northern half of the island largely neutralised, then all reason suggests, since the importance of Luzon to both sides may be accepted, that the plight of Japan is even worse than we supposed; and that plight can be largely attributed to a far greater wastage of shipping and air power than many of us supposed. In a word, the news from Luzon is a justification of the accuracy of the American and British statistics of "business done" in that theatre by planes, submarines and naval craft. In a few days, the Russians have carried promised events already far "beyond schedule," and are now as close to Berlin as I am to Bideford—a pleasant, easy spring-day's run in a small car, in those days of peace and petrol plenty. It requires a homely picture of that sort to realise how fast the Russians have moved and to bring that Eastern Europe map of pin-point spaces to the larger scale of our island's ordnance maps. But we may now believe that the Far Eastern news during these recent miracle weeks of transformation has proved the same heartening fact in that other war, over which the war in Europe was given No. 1 priority. Who will prophesy to-day what will remain to do on any of the world's battlefields six months hence?

THE ELECTION OF DR. FISHER AS ARCHBISHOP OF CANTERBURY: The scene in the Crypt—On January 22, Members of the Greater Chapter of the See of Canterbury met in the Norman Crypt of the Cathedral and elected Dr. Geoffrey Francis Fisher, Bishop of London, as Archbishop of Canterbury, in succession to the late Dr. Temple. A certificate signed by the Dean, Dr. Hewlett Johnson, stating that the election had been made in accordance with the King's recommendation, was sent to Buckingham Palace by registered post. This is a wartime measure, as usually the certificate is despatched by hand by special messenger. In the above picture, the Dean is seen standing at a small table reading the certificate of election. On his left are the Archdeacons of Canterbury and Maidstone

The Last Lesson?—

The records will show, when "Security" permits release of facts known to many even now in many lands, that the winter of 1945 was unusually cold. Cold in Germany, Holland, Belgium, France, England. The cold spell was long and coincided with a universal shortage of fuels of all kinds, not to mention a scarcity of calorifics in the diet of the peoples. Therefore, the people suffered more than they would in peace. For many millions of them were unusually exposed to the elements, lacking roofs, window-panes, blankets and woollen underwear. Some millions of them lived in the open, pushing barrows containing a few treasures from their abandoned or blitzed homes, or drove in open cattle trucks—if they were lucky—to "safe" areas and concentration camps. Of all the millions now shivering and suffering, as their cavemen ancestors did not suffer, some must have reminded themselves of what in 1939 was regarded as an indisputable fact. All this agony of suffering, waste and death could have been prevented if one single individual had elected to forgo his ambition to conquer the world. His name was Adolf Hitler. He was the only shepherd, the only man who then had a name or a clear purpose. All the rest of the world had the common name of sheep. They just "followed." Some were too lazy or indifferent to arm for defence against a danger all could see ahead; some too weak and rotten to force the hand of, or to kick out, their "representative" Governments, more rotten and weaker than themselves. All knew that one determined man had Humanity in the hollow of his hand and would almost certainly decide to shut the gates of mercy on mankind.

"One Man's War."—

The sheep were a thousand millions against one, but the will of the one was clear and unequivocal, and the wills of the thousand million were flabby, indeterminate, sapped by easy living and selfish, personal aims, and utterly incapable of combination or sacrifice for the common good. And so it was that one man made war, and for six long years a thousand millions have been racked, pinched, bled white and slaughtered for his little war and large ambition. In August 1939, no one doubted this important truth. Some to-day, shivering by the roadside in Germany or by the empty grates in England or in the foxholes in the Ardennes, perhaps remember it again. I believe it is the last lesson, the last chance which Civilisation will be granted by the Power in question. If and when this tyranny be overpassed, the survivors of those thousand million sink back into sheepishness and into sleep; if the English flock are again content to regard the Chamberlain Government of 1939, or the French flock to regard the French Administrations of the '30's, as adequately representing the ideals of government by the people, of the people, for the people; if the German flock is again content to bow down and worship an image to save themselves from the responsibility of thinking, or on the offchance of loot or glory . . . then indeed Civilisation will vanish for a thousand years. Human memory is very short. How long may we expect that the lesson of the Cold Snap of 1945 will be remembered? I cannot say. But I can say with perfect truth that this war may justly be labelled in History as *One Man's War*.

King Peter.—

The position of a Balkan King has been even in normal times precarious for generations. Balkan Kings are for ever "going on their travels again." The wonder has been how often those travels have led them back again to their precarious thrones. In Britain, the "leading case" of Charles I, who lost his head and lost his throne, has more or less constantly guided the judgment of British sovereigns, and the strength and permanency of the British throne rests largely on the ever-increasing constitutionality of the conduct of the sovereign, who to-day reigns but does not govern. As it happens, that strength has rested at least since 1911 on something not much less solid and desirable—the personal character and integrity of the sovereign. King Peter is young and untried and in a foreign land, not perhaps well placed to receive sound advice or to judge of political events clearly and in their precise colours. Good advice he *has* received from friendly statesmen; but information at second-hand (and that contradictory) is not so easily assimilated as at first-hand. The political set-up in Yugoslavia is far from clear even to the unprejudiced who has no personal interests at stake and no throne to lose or keep. Nevertheless, King Peter's recent actions on their face appeared rash in the extreme, rash even to folly, if assessed only on the analogies of the recent history of Balkan thrones. It were ungenerous and futile too to criticise without full information the actions of a young and untried King far from his home. Rather, when one considers the internal state of a dozen war-worn European countries to-day—their seething factions, their violent emotions, the strength and influence of their resistance movements, the precarious condition of so many pre-war institutions—one must assume that the King's decisions were based rather on exclusive knowledge and sheer honest conviction and courage than on recklessness or personal ambition. Any other assumption would consign King Peter to Bedlam out of hand.

A Tailpiece for the Prophets.—

I don't know if any prophets still survive. Events since July 1944 must have shaken the ebullient breed and their self-confidence. But if some enterprising Sunday news-sheet should once more tempt a posse of politicians to prophesy (by promising them the label of "eminent statesmen"), I offer them humbly, and not hopefully, a very attractive date for their naps—*the fifth of May*. The fifth day of the fifth month of the fifth year of the 40's. Or V.V.V., a V for each of the Big Three and a triple V for Victory.

THE OLD STAGER

BRITISH: THE 95-MM. HOWITZER MOUNTED ON BRITISH TANKS FOR THE INVASION OF THE CONTINENT—an armaments secret revealed a few days ago by the War Office. This Cromwell, moving up into action in Belgium, is armed with the new gun (*see notes at right*)

The NEW BRITISH and RUSSIAN TANKS

The War Office has just revealed that British tanks mounted a 95-mm. howitzer for the assault on the Continent. Design and production of the 95-mm. was hurried forward, so that this improved weapon could replace by D-Day the 3-in. howitzer which had previously been used and was becoming obsolescent. It was fitted to Churchills, Centaurs and Cromwells. The 95-mm. fires a shell of high capacity filled with either H.E. or smoke, and is capable of "lobbing" it over buildings and hills which obscure the target from the direct view of the tank-gunner. This indirect fire was most valuable during the Normandy landings, as it enabled tanks in the landing craft to shell invisible targets behind the beaches. Thus, the 95-mm. H.E. can be used to knock out enemy mortars and gun positions, and to destroy buildings which may be harbouring snipers and machine- and anti-tank guns. The smoke-screen it can lay down is used to blind the enemy and to cover movement of British troops.

BRITISH: ANOTHER PICTURE OF BRITISH TANKS ALL ARMED WITH THE NEW 95-MM. HOWITZER. The tanks here are Churchills, concentrated in front of Tilburg for a drive against the Germans on the Western Front

RUSSIA: THE NEW RUSSIAN TANK WHICH TOOK THE GERMANS BY SURPRISE. An impression of the Josef Stalin, which outclasses the enemy's Royal Tigers, overrunning a German anti-tank obstacle during the present great onslaught by the Red Army

RUSSIA: A PICTURE OF A JOSEF, STALIN with its long gun-barrel, moving up to the front during a battle in East Prussia

A GROUP OF JOSEF STALIN TANKS IN ACTION AGAINST THE GERMAN DEFENCES ON THE SNOW-COVERED BATTLEFIELD ON MARSHAL CHERNYAKHOVSKY'S FRONT IN EAST PRUSSIA. These monster fighting-machines carry a 12·2 cm. (4·8 in.) cannon

ONE of the many unpleasant surprises for the Germans on the Eastern Front was the Josef Stalin tank, the new Russian fighting vehicle of which three impressions are given above. According to first reports from Germany, this is armed with "the biggest tank gun in the world—a 12·2-cm. (almost 5 ins.) piece." According to Stockholm reports, however, the gun is 4·6 in.: this compares with the 3·4 in. mounted in Germany's newest tank, the Royal Tiger, and with the 3-in. gun mounted on the American Sherman. It has also been stated that the Stalin has heavier armour than the German Royal Tiger. It is thought that the new tank weighs nearly 100 tons: its guns would be capable of piercing the armour of any opposing tank or of any fixed fortifications that the Germans might have built along the Polish line. In the first reports, it was stated by the Germans that large numbers of the Josef Stalin type were being thrown into the line against the Royal Tigers. Now the Russian giants are roaming over the whole of East Prussia and probing deep into Germany.

It is typical of Marshal Stalin's methods that the new tank was launched as a complete surprise when the great offensive against the Germans was launched by the Red Army. Its success was, of course, instantaneous.

THE ADVANCE INTO GERMANY

The Push Across the Border by Men of the British Second Army

SHERMAN TANKS POISED FOR THE BIG NEW PUSH AT A CURVE ON THE ROAD LEADING TO HEINSBERG. This town, a meeting-place of five roads west of the River Roer, was captured by the Second Army on Wednesday of last week: no sooner did it fall into our hands than the enemy began shelling it heavily, regardless of the fact that it is a GERMAN town. Tanks played a considerable part in our new drive into Germany: most of them were camouflaged with white sheets on account of the snow-covered territory through which they had to pass. In spite of the bad weather and the intense cold, some dozen sizable German towns were captured within the first few days of the British offensive, and numbers of enemy soldiers were captured

THE ADVANCE EAST OF THE TOWN OF ECHT. BRITISH TROOPS IN WHITE SNOW-SUITS PASSING THROUGH BREBEREN, IN THE AREA OF HONGEN, JUST OVER THE GERMAN BORDER. The Second Army now hold all the east bank of the River Maas: their advance has been steady and continuous, in spite of weather conditions which slowed up air support over the battlefield. Most of the villages and towns on the roads into Germany have suffered badly from shell-fire and have been evacuated by their inhabitants—most of whom, under orders, have fled before the British advance

TROOPS PASSING THROUGH SAEFFELEN ON TANKS IN PURSUIT OF THE ENEMY: As they went forward they were helped by artillery and smoke concentrations. Mines were laid by the enemy in the line of advance, but not so thickly as on previous similar occasions; but small parties lurking in the woods would come out between one tank convoy and the next to plant fresh mines. The Germans also felled trees to delay operations. In this sector, the standard of enemy troops cannot be said to be very high: many of them were mopped-up and taken prisoner when the "pockets" in the woods were cleared later

BRITISH INFANTRY IN A TRENCH ON THE OUTSKIRTS OF BOCKET: An hour before this picture was taken Germans had been manning this very trench in defence of the town, which is now in our hands. Everywhere the snow lay thick, necessitating careful movement to avoid the bullets of German snipers intent on delaying operations. All the towns so far captured in the new advance by the Second Army lie to the west of the Siegfried Line and may be regarded as advanced outposts of that great defence zone

THE FOUR-ENGINED HEAVIES

Their Recent Switch-over to Tactical Bombing

The ultimate fate of the big four-engined bomber seems at the moment to be under review. Recently there has been a diversion of the "heavies" to tactical work over, or very close to, the battle zone in the west. During the last few weeks this has been necessitated by the big German thrust into the Ardennes; but a change in target had been noted before this very urgent call.

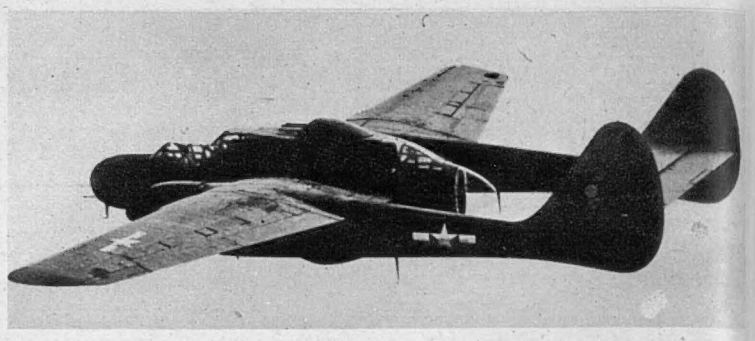
One critic underlines the degree to which Germany has put some of her vital industries underground, thus rendering long-distance strategic bombing ineffective over certain important targets.

"The question that has to be asked," he says, "is whether it is a permanent or a transient transformation. In the west, it may be true that strategic bombing has had its day. It may be true that it has done all that it is capable of doing in that region. To an increasing extent the heavy, four-engined aircraft are being turned to tactical duties. One of the reasons for the decline in the value of strategic bombing is to be found in the elaborate measures the Germans have taken to counteract its effects. They have built shelters on a scale undreamed of by Great Britain; they have put works underground and they have underground storage to an extent exceeding anything done elsewhere."

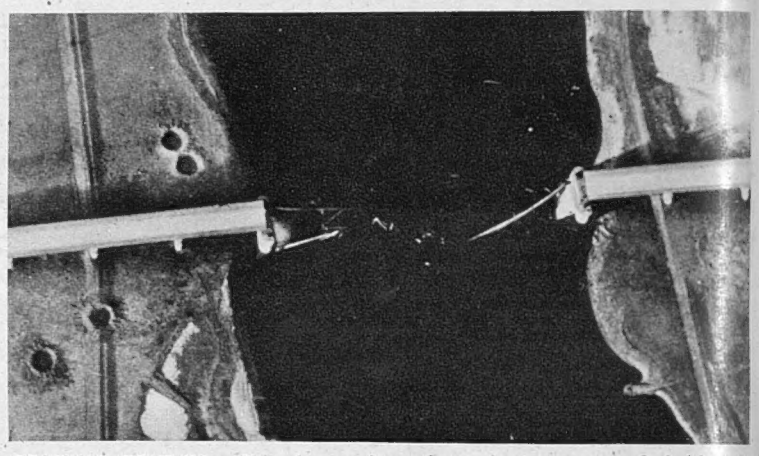
Another writer has taken the view that the big bombers should still be concentrated on Germany's vital spots, such as her oil plants, in spite of her exhibition of material strength in the Ardennes.

"We know that towards the end of 1943 the Germans began to put some of their most important factories underground or to establish them in caves and in tunnels in hillsides. Their factories in eastern Germany have never seriously been threatened by bombing, and there is no doubt that machinery recovered from bombed factories in the west was taken to less vulnerable areas in the east."

***On left*—TACTICAL BOMBING:** The destruction of a German tank during the Battle of the Bulge in Belgium, as recorded by the camera-gun of a fighter-bomber of the Ninth Air Force. On December 24 the pilot discovered four enemy tanks dispersed in a field: in the upper picture they are seen proceeding into action. The next picture shows incendiaries from the pilot's ·50-calibre guns penetrating one of the vehicles; and the bottom picture shows it completely enveloped in flames. A large number of von Rundstedt's armoured vehicles were destroyed in this fashion, the fighter-bomber thus playing a decisive role in halting the big German offensive



THE SECRET OF THE GREAT HITTING POWER OF THE "BLACK WIDOW": The top turret of this new American night-fighter is revealed for the first time in the above picture. The turret revolves above the crew nacelle: it carries four ·50-calibre machine-guns. These are operated by remote control and can be fired by the gunners in either rear or forward compartments



STRATEGIC BOMBING: The destruction of an important road bridge in Holland. On January 5, Typhoons attacked and destroyed the road bridge across the Neder Rijn at Vianen, south of Utrecht. They dropped 1,000-lb. bombs, the pilots pinpointing the target with marked precision. They saw the girders collapse under direct hits, and at least one vehicle crossing the bridge at the time fell into the river below. The loss of this bridge was a grave blow to the Germans, as it was one of the few available to them for supplying their forces north of the Maas

TACTICAL WORK OVER THE ARDENNES BATTLEFIELD: A fine day gives a chance which the American Thunderbolts seize with good effect by bombing German 88-mm. batteries during the fighting in the enemy's Belgian bulge—*Drawing by Roland Davies*

Interspersed between the days when heavy snow-laden clouds have hung over the Ardennes Hills, have come rare intervals of clear weather with good visibility. The Thunderbolts have not been slow to take advantage of these brief spells. On one occasion recently, they spectacularly knocked out nine 88-mm. guns out of an enemy battery of twelve. The incident occurred in the region to the north of the Bastogne area. The battery is shown in the drawing above, grouped along a bend of the winding river Ourthe. Thunderbolts have not only been engaged on such close-in work as this: they are also reported to have done useful work across the Rhine. Originally the Thunderbolt was designed as a high-altitude interceptor, but as German armour and transport found to its cost in the Battle of France, it is a deadly weapon at more heights than one, especially as it now carries rocket guns in addition to its other equipment

BRITISH AND AMERICAN BOMBERS OVER THE SNOW-COVERED BATTLEFIELDS: Stirling bombers on the ground after a night attack on Germany; American Flying Fortresses going out on a day attack on similar targets. These are the tasks for which both types of aircraft were originally designed. In how far they have fulfilled their purpose is a matter which is now being discussed in British aviation circles: it would appear as if the many heavy and costly raids carried out on Germany's industrial potential have not achieved their object but have, instead, driven the German factories underground. For this reason, a change in tactics has recently been observed, the heavies taking part in assaults on German infantry and strongpoints on the actual battlefield instead of maintaining their strategic night and day bombing of the heart of industrial Germany—*Drawing by Roland Davies*

HOW THE NIGHT-BOMBERS OF THE R.A.F. HAVE BEEN OPERATING IN THEIR RAIDS OVER GERMANY. For many months the heavies pounded enemy cities and factories: yet the German capacity to wage war seems undiminished, their tanks and other weapons being as numerous as ever. It is now thought that many factories have been driven underground and are thus no longer affected by the heaviest raids. This has resulted, on occasion, in the employment of our four-engined bombers on tactical tasks instead of on a long-term strategic bombing policy—*Drawing by Roland Davies* (See notes on facing page)

A HIGH FRENCH SOLDIER FOR S.H.A.E.F.?

A Suggested Appointment for General Juin on the Inner Councils of the Allied High Command

By FERDINAND TUOHY

WELL up on the list of military matters to be discussed by President Roosevelt and the Prime Minister must be the advisability of a more adequate employment of French military experience at the seat of war planning and direction in the west —S.H.A.E.F. There is a feeling that parallel British military experience should be included in a high-up freshening process. The political bunkers are great and known, and whether they can be overcome in the common interest of giving Nazi Germany its quietus with utmost despatch is problematical. The effort here is to detach the French case and to relate it to the common interest.

With the Russians apparently all set for Berlin, any "meddling" with Shaef (as some might say) may appear uncalled-for. But we have tardily learnt not to build on prognostications and there 's no telling when the German war will end—towards the west, anyway. The men who brought off the stunning right-about of August 23, 1939, may have some "crazy" scheme for blocking the western "capitalists" while they fade or open before the Russians. And, indeed, now is the time, or never, for an attempt at that *Ostloesung* of which there has been no more fervent disciple than Guderian, Hitler's chief eastern soldier.

"What a hope!" you may say. Quite so. Nevertheless, we *may* have to fight every mile of the way forward into Germany, and after that there 'll still be the Nazi Resistance and the pacification process. All these will be fare for soldiers and will require the men who best know the terrain.

Last September, when others were carried away, General de Gaulle went on record that hostilities were unlikely to end before April, and only after the severest fighting yet. Accordingly, he pressed for the immediate arming of several new French divisions so that these might be ready to cinch matters alongside the Americans and British; and he urged us to make fullest use of all French sinews, in factories, at the front, everywhere, for the physical, social and political health of his country and the military health of all. Reasons of military expediency were advanced in rejecting the French proposal, but in November Mr. Churchill was impressed (he probably was before) by the case, as it was again put by his Paris host. Then December 16.

Rundstedt's spearhead reappears within striking distance of Sedan, name that causes every French person to sit up and take notice more than somewhat. Supposing the country were reinvaded by these horror-dogs feeling, this time, that they really had something to pay back? Why should the higher direction—*la défense du pays*—be concentrated exclusively in "Anglo-Saxon" hands when French officers who knew the ground intimately, just where to yield and when to stand, were available?

Then Alsace. As soon as it became clear that Rundstedt meant to make a bid to return to Strasbourg, for political disruption purposes, the calling in of French experience by Shaef became unanswerable and General Juin, C.G.S. of the French Army, was despatched to Alsace along with General Bedell Smith, the Supreme Commander's Chief of Staff. And after Mr. Churchill had again been to Paris early in January, it became an understood thing that the French would thenceforth be informed of Allied decisions and intentions.

There, it seems, the matter currently rests. But it is obviously no solution to have the French General Staff on the receiving end only, or on call to patch up trouble. Throwing criticism, implied or made, out of the window, the issue is: Must French military experience and brains (especially in the attack) be formally kept out of the supreme direction until the new French Army (since belatedly conceded) is a fact in the field, or should they be used right now? Why wait until late spring or early summer, by which time the first formations of De Gaulle's hoped-for 700,000 may be ready?

Our eyes are on the Rhine. Up to it, on it and beyond it. Who knows this country better than French staff officers who in their thirties "made" the occupation of the Left Bank of the Rhine? Foch had the whole thing marked out for an advance into Germany, and his legacy endures with those who shone between-wars at the Ecole de Guerre. If the last French General Staff did not shine, Gamelin and his contemporaries are all gone—Giraud was the last—and it so happens that, by benign chance, the three most successful French commanders of 1940 are ready to hand.

People are apt to overlook the fact that De Gaulle, the political soldier and author of a prophetic "Blitzkrieg" book, scored almost the only local success against the tearing panzers. That was on the Oise at the head of the 4th Armoured Division, but a more striking indication of his military capacity came when dimming hope was pinned on Weygand resisting on the Somme. This defeatist ghost of a great leader spread his tanks all over the place. De Gaulle implored to be allowed to collect the surviving 1,000 French tanks, divide them in two, let the Germans across the Seine, and then fall on their flanks. Weygand was later to admit that the plan was the only one for those desperate straits.

GENERAL JUIN, WHEN LEADING THE FRENCH TROOPS IN ITALY: General Alphonse Juin, who commanded a French division in the disastrous days of May 1940, and who was then captured by the Germans, is fifty-five years of age. He was born in North Africa, and returned there after his release from a prisoner-of-war camp. He fought alongside the Allies in Tunisia and then crossed over to command in Italy

WITH GENERAL DE GAULLE IN LIBERATED PARIS: Marching along the Champs-Élysées to the Place de la Concorde. General Juin is the "three-star General" to the right of, and behind, General de Gaulle

AT THE INSTALLATION OF THE NEW BEY OF TUNIS: In June 1943, General Juin was the French Resident-General of Tunisia. He was present at the Palais de Bardo when the new Bey was installed after the deposition of his uncle

Next, General de Lattre de Tassigny, a son of the Vendee from Clemenceau's home-town. It was this officer's 14th Division which alone held up the Germans when they broke through from the Ardennes on May 13, 1940. Round Rethel, Tassigny held on grimly until his flanks were left in the air. Later he had the Lyons command under Vichy, but directly the Germans swept into the Vichy zone the General led a revolt, was sentenced to ten years, escaped and made his way to London, and thence to Algiers.

Last August Tassigny led the French troops that fought Blaskovitz from Cannes to Belfort, via the Rhone Valley; and in November there followed the magnificent surprise of the Belfort Gap. Tassigny has surprise—he did it again the other day, pushing towards Colmar. His talents have been recognised to the extent of his being given the First Army, first Frenchman to command Allied troops since Gamelin directed Lord Gort's B.E.F. Incidentally, Frenchmen swear by one of his subordinates too—General Montsabert.

General Alphonse Juin shares with Tassigny the honour of having put up the best French fight in 1940. Driven from Belgium, he halted his 15th North African Division before Lille and there held out for crucial days against a sea of German tanks, and by so doing directly contributed to our getting away from Dunkirk to the figure we did. The German General Wagner paid tribute to Juin by allowing him and his men to carry their arms through the streets of Lille, while German troops presented arms. It was the only instance, whatever its underlying hope or motive, of German homage to French generalship during the Battle of France. Taken prisoner, General Juin was released on intervention by Weygand through Pétain, and was sent to command in North Africa. There he was at the Allied landings, in his view, holding on to the place of his birth (he was born at Constantine) in the name of France. Juin took command of 78,000 troops, under Eisenhower and Alexander, when the push into Tunisia was on, and his act caused the Germans to say he had broken his word. When murderous tricksters like the Nazis tie people up, they must expect anything!

Whatever his initial sympathies—there were indications of his being a Giraud man—Juin joined De Gaulle when the latter at last asserted his authority in Algiers, and, after the masterly ending on Cap Bon, crossed to Italy. There, last May, he firmly reinstated the French Army by brilliantly breaking the Gustav Line. After Alexander's conquest of Rome, Juin was made C.G.S. of the reborn French Army, planning its part in the Riviera invasion.

In view of the discussion about intelligence work, it is worth noting that this has been one of Juin's strong points ever since his days as an officer of native affairs under Lyautey. General Juin kept the French Intelligence in being in Occupied France, and in November last received a congratulatory letter from General Bedell Smith, on behalf of the Supreme Commander. In paying tribute to the courageous men and women who were arrested and executed, General Smith mentioned that they and their kind were responsible for 700 telegraphic reports by "underground radio" in May 1944, and in getting 3,000 documentary reports through to London.

At fifty-six, Juin is the youngest full French General. Ten years ago he was a Colonel-Professor at the École de Guerre. He is hardy, ruddy and black-eye-browed, and he wears a black beret with stars and prefers a caravan to command from. He constantly has a pipe, and his mess is known for its good table and abundant wine. It is a cheery mess, for the General is a good raconteur and full of beans. Another reason for his popularity is that he takes his officers into his confidence and discusses his strategy with them. At present he may be in a Paris office, but that 's what General Juin was in the field. And if he salutes with his left hand, that 's because a last-war bullet makes it impossible for him to raise his right arm above his ribs. To complete this slap-dash portrait, he has a wife and large family in Algeria. And the King hopes one day to pin the G.C.B. on his breast.

It may be advanced that none of these Generals can be spared from their present posts. This may be so of De Gaulle—in any case, he has not made his home and headquarters at the War Office for nothing. From the Rue St. Dominique he can best follow military happenings. It may likewise be so in the case of Tassigny, for army commanders like he has proved himself to be are not found every day. But General Juin, French Chief of Staff, already in close contact with Shaef and being sent off on missions by it, could clearly be more positively, creatively and responsibly woven into our higher war direction on the Continent. He gets on well with both Americans and British.

The fact that goods made of raw materials in short supply owing to war conditions are advertised in this publication should not be taken as an indication that they are necessarily available for export

FIRST PICTURES (by Radio) FROM WARSAW

Since its Liberation by the Advancing Red Army

IN THE RUINS OF LIBERATED WARSAW, troops of the First Polish Army (who attacked with the Soviet forces) escort German soldiers, who had been left behind with orders to fire the city, into the prisoner-of-war cages

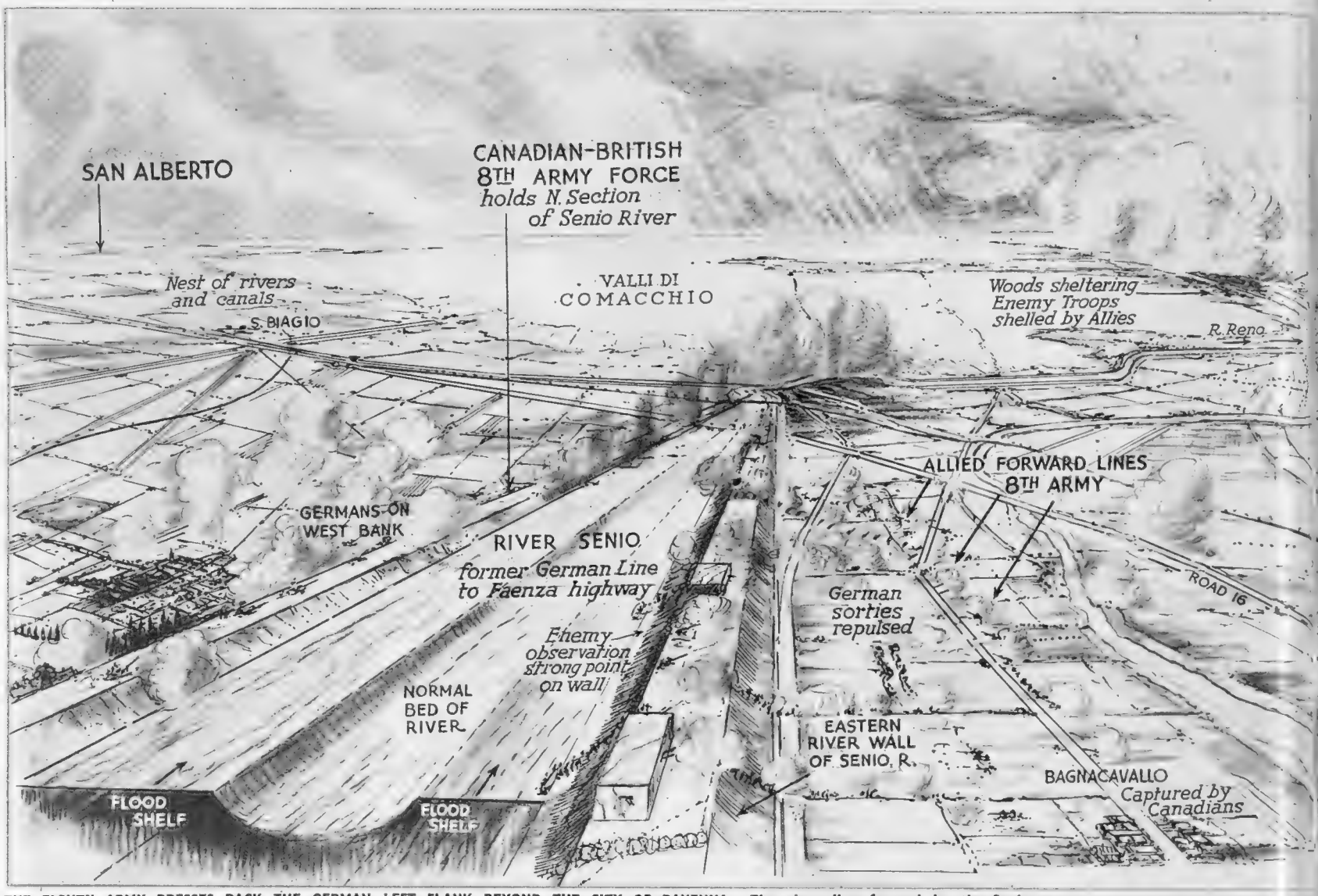
AT A STREET CROSSING IN THE HEART OF RUINED WARSAW, members of the Polish Underground Army (who had accounted for many of the German garrison) greet a white-coated countryman of the First Polish Army with the Soviet forces

THE RUINS IN CRACOWSKA STREET, after the Germans had been expelled from the Polish capital. In the background is the History Museum, which was set on fire by the Nazis as they fled before the victorious Red Army

THE RUINS OF THE PRESIDENTIAL PALACE, destroyed during the course of the bombings and battles which have raged in the Polish capital over a period of five years of bitter warfare

THE MONUMENT TO KING SIGISMUND THE THIRD, which was overthrown and destroyed by the Germans before they left. Almost the whole of the city has been laid waste, the only inhabitable part being the section formerly occupied by the Germans themselves during their five-year stay in the capital

HOUSES IN THE MARKET SQUARE IN RUINS: Very little of the city now remains. The task of rebuilding Warsaw will indeed be formidable



THE EIGHTH ARMY PRESSES BACK THE GERMAN LEFT FLANK BEYOND THE CITY OF RAVENNA: The river line formed by the Senio and Reno, now held by the enemy down to the Adriatic shore; showing the curious "floodshelves" of the former river
—Drawing by Percy Home

The Campaign in Italy

AFTER the FALL of RAVENNA

The Fighting Around the Senio River by the Eighth Army

—With Some New Pictures from Behind the Italian Battle-Line

Since its right wing disentangled itself from the northern spurs of the Apennines, the Eighth Army has been fighting its way across deeply canalised country, which has been proving fully as difficult a fighting terrain as the steep mountain line left behind at Rimini. Part of the Eighth Army is still up in the hills, but it is the extreme right wing with which we deal. It was hoped that, once clear of the mountains, the going would be easier, but the terrain is so seamed with torrential rivers and a maze of interlocked canals that rapid progress, especially in the depth of winter, is scarcely to be expected.

After the capture of Ravenna the Eighth Army pressed towards the north-west in the general direction of Sant Alberto, a town of some importance on the south-western shore of the great inland lagoon known as the Valli di Comacchio. The Germans appear to have been under the impression that the roaring torrent of the Lamone River would bring to a halt any Allied thrust in this direction. In the neighbourhood of Bagnacavallo, the swollen river was running like a mill race.

In spite of the obstacle presented by these racing waters, the Canadian and British forces succeeded in crossing the river and forcing back the Germans to the line of the River Senio, the next important stream to the west, which flows in a north-easterly direction towards the inland lagoon and joins the Reno, its waters turning sharply to the east to flow into the Adriatic just south of the Comacchio spit. The Allied forces gained some 14 miles along the left bank of the Senio River, the Germans continuing to hold the more southerly portions of the embanked stream.

To understand the curious military position which has developed here, it should be noted that the Senio River, as is the case with several other streams drawing their water from the Apennine heights, is so liable to abnormal flooding that artificial floodbanks have been constructed on each side of the normal river-bed; the intervening "floodshelf" measures from 50 to 100 yards in width. In some cases, the Germans are holding the eastern bank of the Senio River and have erected strong-points upon it. These serve as useful observation-posts.

The Canadians have reached and occupied Bagnacavallo, and reached the Senio River in the neighbourhood of Frisignano, which lies 13 miles to the north of Faenza. The enemy has been attempting to turn the Allied position with small forces conveyed by boat to the mouth of the Reno River, but these efforts have been repulsed with very heavy loss to the enemy.

AFTER THE CAPTURE OF THE TOWN OF FAENZA: British troops clear the mines planted by the Germans at an important cross-road. Faenza fell on December 18 after several days of stiff opposition by the Germans. The Eighth Army made its chief advance along Route Nine, which they found to be heavily mined. About three-and-a-half miles from Faenza the enemy had prepared a cross-roads for demolition. Owing to the fact that their own tanks were operating along the road, the demolition was left until the last minute, and British troops were able to reach the spot before the charges were blown. This picture was taken as the sappers were carrying out their task of extracting the explosive charges under cover of an armed guard

THE COMMANDER OF THE EIGHTH ARMY, Lieut.-General Sir Richard McCreery, watching sappers at work on a big demolition made by the Germans near Villanova, five miles from Faenza, on Route Nine

AFTER THE BRITISH HAD CARRIED OUT AN ATTACK ACROSS THE SENIO RIVER : German prisoners with hands raised high come into our lines. On January 4 an attack was launched on the enemy, who held positions on our side of the river. The attack was made with tank support : the company gained all their objectives, although they were held up for a time by Spandau fire. Their own casualties were very light, but they were able to bring in some forty Germans

BACK TO THE FRONT after leave in the United Kingdom : Mrs. Jean Finnegan serving soldiers with their morning tea and buns behind the lines. She has just returned to Italy from two months' leave, after her husband had been wounded in France. Major Finnegan has been serving with an R.A. regiment and has received the M.C.

Above—**A SCENE IN A BRITISH HOSPITAL IN ITALY: Nurse Diana Hotham, with a wounded soldier from Johannesburg.** The first V.A.D.s from the United Kingdom to nurse in military hospitals arrived in Italy on October 8, 1944, when a party of 100 girls reached Naples. These girls, in company with a unit of Maltese V.A.D.s belonging to the Order of St. John of Jerusalem (who volunteered for overseas service after the siege of Malta had been raised), are working in various British hospitals throughout Italy. All the girls are volunteers: the V.A.D. seen in this picture is Nurse Diana Hotham, twenty-five years of age. Her war service includes three-and-a-half years' nursing at Bovington Camp, and then at the Cambridge British General Hospital, Aldershot. Miss Hotham is seen in the foreground. Behind, another English girl, a Red Cross Welfare Officer, Miss Pamela Wickham, of Hartford Bridge, Basingstoke, takes down a list of shopping requests for Lance-Corporal Hendley, of Richmond, Surrey

On right—**A PANTOMIME PRODUCED IN THE FRONT LINE by men of the Fifth Army :** In shell-torn Castel-del-Rio, about six miles from the front line, a Fifth Army concert party have produced a three-hour pantomime, *Cinderella*, which has been played to packed houses. In addition to being the farthest-forward panto. of the war, this *Cinderella* is one of the most ambitious and most successful shows yet put on by soldiers for soldiers. Captain E. Wilmott, of the R.A.S.C. (whose *Aladdin* was the prize-winning script in the *Eighth Army News* competition a year ago), has written and produced the show. This picture shows one of the scenes : magically, the pantomime characters are transported, for one hilarious scene, to a London pub. Here they appear in changed, though familiar, guise. Here is the news-boy and the landlord, a U.S. soldier, a top-hatted busker on his way to a performance, some true-to-life pub ladies and an attractive barmaid. Four soldiers of the Division on home leave magically find themselves among this crowd

THE COLMAR POCKET, WHERE THE GERMANS HAVE BEEN ATTACKING TOWARDS STRASBOURG and where the Allies have countered by launching a French force from the Vosges Mountains—*Drawing by Percy Home*

At the SOUTH END of the WESTERN FRONT

Offensive and Counter-offensive Around Colmar and Wingen

—With Two Special Diagram-drawings

When the Allies made their surprise dash from the Vosges, taking Strasbourg, and the French Army captured Belfort and rushed to the Rhine, the German forces in Alsace were split and what was known as the "Colmar pocket" was formed. About 35,000 Germans were estimated to be in this area, stretching from positions in the Vosges, across the Alsatian Plain down to the Rhine. It contained the picturesque town of Colmar.

On three sides the Allies were pressing in upon the pocket, restricting it more and more, till it was thought the Germans would be forced to retire across the Rhine. By December 7 Ostheim was reached, only 5 miles from Colmar; the old town of Selestat farther north had been occupied, till the gap measured only 20 miles from Colmar to Mulhouse, on the Vosges side. Unfortunately, the flooding of the River Ill, on which Colmar stands, delayed the advance, and permitted the Germans to be reinforced and to take the offensive themselves. They began the assault on December 14, evidently planned to work in with the Ardennes offensive. They crossed the Rhine at Brinach, and poured troops into the Colmar area, retaking Kayserberg (5 miles north-west of Colmar), from which they were later thrown out. The German assault slowed down at the end of the year, and little change was reported till on January 8 they began to push northwards from Rhinau, close to the Rhine, threatening an advance towards Strasbourg. The French had to yield Friesenheim and Witternheim, and were severely shelled in Selestat. It became evident that the apparently doomed Germans in the Colmar pocket were no longer merely on the defensive, but were becoming a serious danger.

On January 20, General Lattre de Tassigny, leading the French First Army, launched an offensive in the south, in the Mulhouse area, from St. Amarin, in the Vosges, above Thann. It was started in a snow blizzard and gained an initial success of over three miles.

BLASTING THE GERMANS ON THE FAR SIDE OF THE RHINE: Before the enemy thrust towards Strasbourg, Allied mortar shells were being thrown towards the enemy barracks in Kehl, on the other side of the river: this bombardment was carried out from across the River Rhine

WHEN KEHL WAS BEING MORTARED BY THE AMERICAN SEVENTH ARMY: A position on a railway line near Strasbourg as men of a U.S. mortar unit prepare to hurtle their bombs across the Rhine into Germany. It was here that the enemy blew up three bridges across the river

On right—**A LESSON LEARNED FROM VON RUNDSTEDT. Traffic from the Alsace front is checked by roadside tank crews.** In the Meuse offensive, the Germans succeeded in passing considerable numbers of men and equipment through the Allied lines by using captured vehicles and English-speaking Nazis. On the Alsace front, where fierce battles are now taking place, all traffic moving to the rear is checked by light tank crews at intervals along the road. Here, Americans have stopped a jeep and lorry and are verifying the credentials of the occupants

THE FIGHTING ON THE FRANCO-GERMAN FRONTIER, WHERE THE AMERICANS HAVE BEEN ADVANCING TOWARDS WINGEN and where the enemy have been attacking with great vigour in the region around Wissembourg—*Drawing by E. G. Lambert*

Until the day when Rundstedt launched his great offensive in the Ardennes, General Patch's Seventh Army was making steady progress along the Wissembourg corridor, lying between the Northern Vosges and the Haguenau Forest. This was a country of undulating hills leading directly to the great German commercial city of Karlsruhe. The Americans managed to reach a village two miles north-east of Lauterbourg, but that was the limit of their advance. On that same day, December 17, Rundstedt advanced into the Ardennes. The Germans then grew more active, and began a strong attack in the area around Bitche, to the west of Wissembourg. The road from Sarreguemines to Haguenau was cut at Wingen and a 25-mile breach made. This threatened to open a way into the Alsace plain, but three days later the enemy had been held and Wingen recovered.

Though forced to yield ground, the Germans continued to struggle round the northern edge of the Haguenau Forest, where a battle, lasting for five days, took place around the little township of Hatten

***On left*—NAZI SOLDIERS CARRY THEIR WOUNDED ON LITTERS from the village of Wingen,** after the Americans recaptured it from German mountain fighters who infiltrated through the Allied lines. These captives were amongst the first to be taken prisoner in the counter-attack by the U.S. Army

HOW THE AMERICANS COUNTER-ATTACKED AT WINGEN AFTER THEY HAD LOST THE TOWN TO GERMAN MOUNTAIN FIGHTERS: The enemy infiltrated during the night and took a number of American soldiers prisoner; they were then surrounded on all sides and cut off from reinforcements. When the Americans counter-attacked, the hotel was suspected as being a hide-out for snipers: it was hit by tracer bullets and set on fire at the moment that the U.S. infantry penetrated the town and recaptured it. The Nazis who had carried out the infiltration were soon behind barbed wire, and their American prisoners freed. Wingen is at the southerly tip of the German spearhead near Bitche

BATTLE SCENES from BELGIUM

Two Special *Sphere* Drawings of Recent Incidents at Nijmegen and at Houffalize

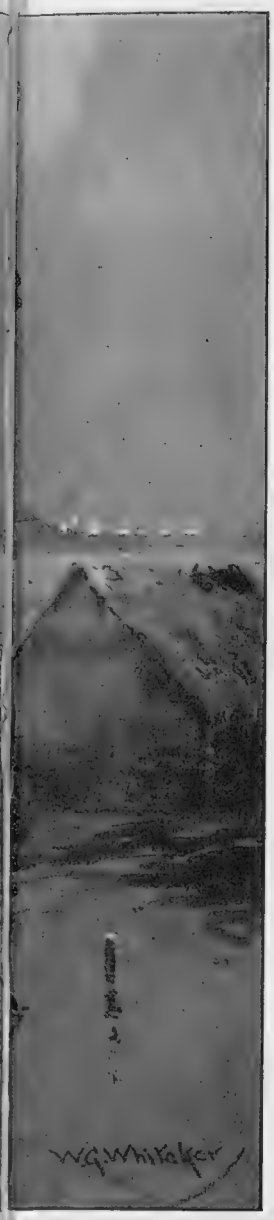
IN THE FLOODED AREAS OF "NO TRENCH LAND," at the northern tip of the British line in Holland, west of Nijmegen. The ground here is so water-logged that trenches are quite out of the question: patrol action by boat is the only practicable form of warfare—*Drawing by W. G. Whitaker*

To the north and west of Nijmegen there is a flooded area some 30 miles square in extent, in which the conditions are such that it is impossible to form a front-line trench system. In fact, it is, for brevity's sake, known as "no trench land." The areas surrounding this flooded district are waterlogged enough, but it is just possible to operate on terra firma, with trenches to a certain extent. In the flooded area, all forward operations have to consist of boat patrols. Sometimes by day, and often at night, patrols set out to "winkle out" some enemy observation post which may have been causing trouble. Such a patrol has to thread its way, after careful observation, from one spit of land to another which happens still to show above water. It is no easy school this for the troops hitherto unused to such country, but with surprising adaptability the patrols learn their task. Night work has its own difficulties and dangers: silence is necessary, but it is not always easy to avoid a stumble and a crash which seems to tear the night silence in two. Certain areas of this district have been freezing over and, with a shrinkage of the waters below, have left treacherous sheets of glassy ice which will break if any weight is put upon them

TANKS USED AS ARTILLERY ON THE WESTERN FRONT. This picture comes from the Strasbourg area: it shows Sherman tanks of the U.S. Seventh Army, sandbagged and mounted on timber, firing at close range at the Germans west of the Rhine. It is in such fashion that the artillery are supplemented by armour during a big "shoot" from fixed positions

***On right*—DRIVING BACK THE GERMANS BEYOND HOUFFALIZE. How the American gunners assisted in the operation**—*Drawing by W. G. Whitaker*

The task of convincing the enemy that he could not comfortably stay in the Ardennes bulge was materially aided by the Allied gunners. In weather often touching zero, they have handled the guns to such effect that thousands of shells have poured into the enemy lines and positions. Cross-road sites became impossible under such a hail of shell. Some German positions were found to be untenable, so heavy was the Allied strafing. In the Houffalize-St. Vith area, the artillery did very effective work in clearing out the enemy. It could be no light task to assemble so many guns over the snowclad hills in the proper positions for a big "shoot." Given reasonably fine weather, with spotting aid from the air, the execution of the guns was often terrific. "As I write," said one correspondent, "the hum, clatter and reverberation of battle is all about me, and it is difficult to hear any sustained conversation. Artillery is firing in one unceasing thunder, while tanks and half-tracked vehicles are standing by"

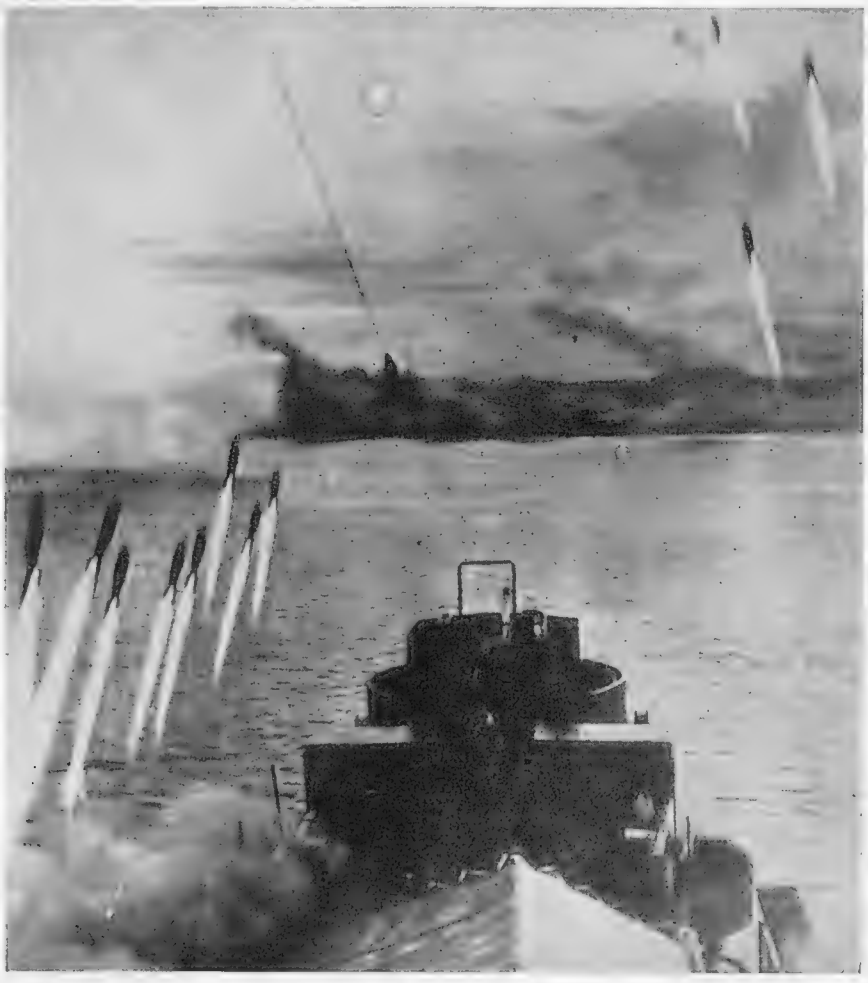


BRITISH INFANTRY ENTERING THE HAMLET OF ST. JOOST AFTER THE FLAME-THROWERS HAD DONE THEIR WORK: Moving northward from Echt, in the Sittard battle area, British troops came up against their stiffest opposition yet at a small hamlet a little to the right of the road to Roermond. In order to clear out the Germans, flame-throwers were brought into play: as the Crocodile tanks went forward, they burnt out the enemy from their positions amongst the village ruins, allowing the two attacking platoons to go forward. As the men advanced, the ground was still burning in places where the flames had set fire to pools impregnated with petrol

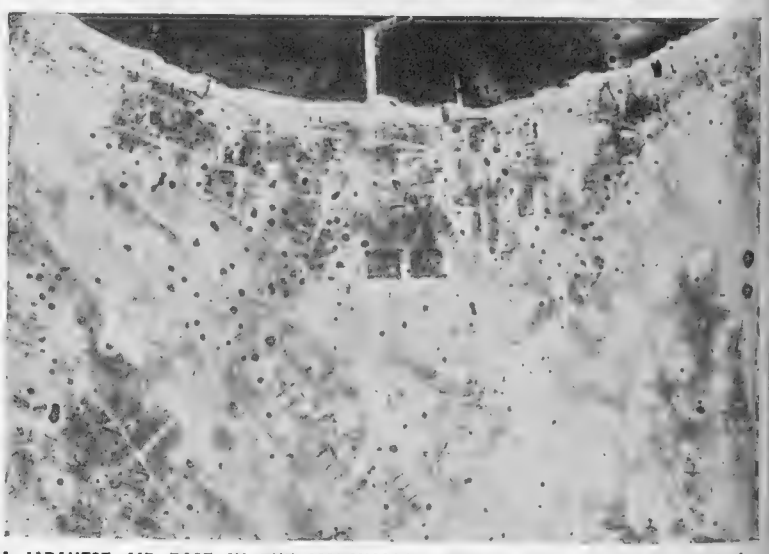
AIR and SEA BATTLES in the PACIFIC

American Aircraft and Rocket Ships versus the Japs

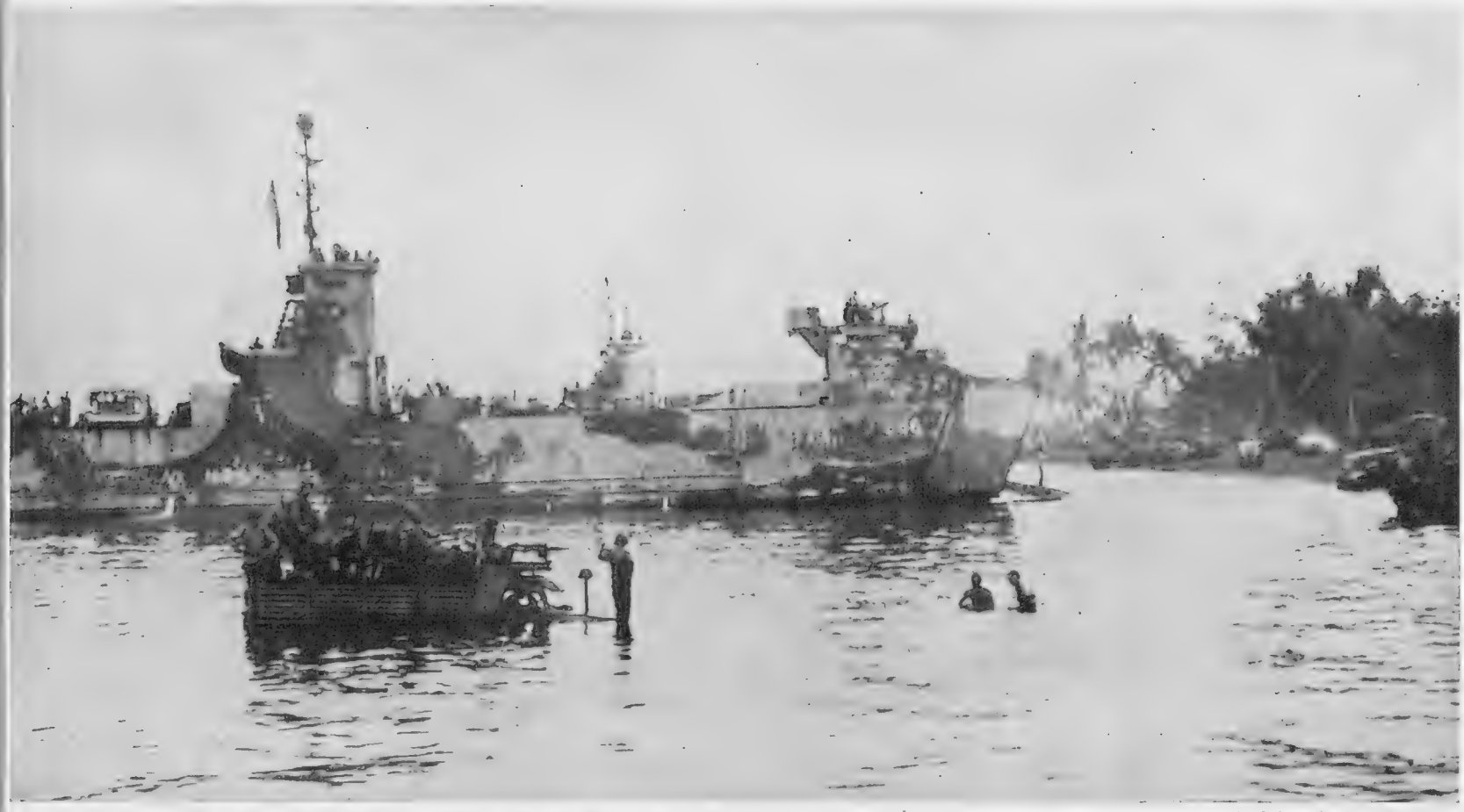
AN AIRFIELD IN THE MARSHALLS, STILL IN JAPANESE HANDS, IS RAKED BY THE FIRE FROM AMERICAN BOMBERS: This view was taken from one of the aircraft participating in the attack from a very low altitude. On the left, a Japanese fighter is warming up for a take-off: gutted enemy bombers can be seen in the centre foreground and in the revetment to the left: at the right, a bomb is actually skipping along the ground in the dispersal area. Certain islands in the Marshalls group have been by-passed by the Americans, but they are still under bombardment from the air



IN THE EARLY MORNING OF DECEMBER 18, during the American landing on the island of Mindoro: Before landing on Luzon, northernmost of the Philippine islands, the Americans made a new landing on Mindoro, immediately to the south. As the first wave of assault troops went ashore, rocket-firing landing craft put down a powerful barrage of deadly projectiles to smother the beach defences. These rockets made a "pattern" of destruction at close range, in a manner which made it impossible for the defenders to oppose the first assault waves. The rocket ship, albeit a new weapon, has proved a most devastating one during invasion operations



A JAPANESE AIR BASE IN THE MARSHALLS before and after aerial attack by the Americans: In February 1944, U.S. forces by-passed four islands in the Marshalls after the combined operations of Army and Navy aircraft had destroyed their military value to the Japanese. The islands—Mille, Jaluit, Wotje and Maloelap—are badly battered and their garrisons trapped. Every type of combat aircraft used in the Central Pacific has been employed to establish and maintain the aerial blockade. The upper picture shows the air base on Maloelap, central island and key to the by-passed group, before the U.S. air forces began its deletion. Fighter and bomber planes are seen in their revetments in the centre. The lower picture was taken later. The two large hangars in the centre foreground are gutted, while the barracks and shops have gone. The few enemy aircraft left are wrecked in their revetments, while bombs have so powdered the runways that they are almost invisible



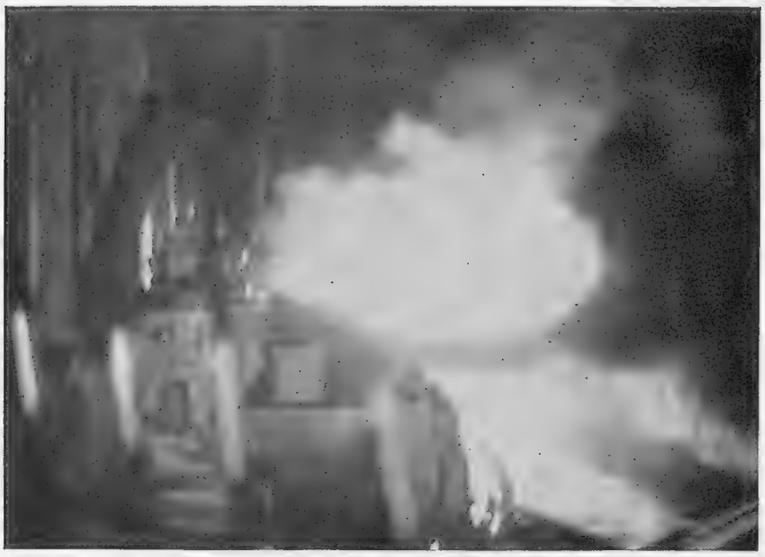
HOW THE AMERICANS LANDED AT ORMOC, ON THE WEST COAST OF LEYTE—an operation carried out in support of the principal invasion

The island of Leyte is now in American hands, and General MacArthur has passed on to the island of Luzon itself, on which Manila stands. The first landings on Leyte were made on October 20; on December 7 another landing was made on the same island, on its west coast, at a point near Ormoc. The above dramatic picture was made during the course of that operation. The gun-crews aboard the big landing ships are on the alert for possible Japanese air attacks, while men and equipment pour ashore on to the beaches. In the foreground, a group of soldiers wait patiently in their truck (which, despite its long, amphibious "breather," has been stalled by the deep water), while two comrades wade out to attach a tow-line. From beachheads along this strip of coastline, troops of the U.S. Sixth Army battled their way into the port of Ormoc in four days

THE FIRST APPEARANCE OF AMERICAN CARRIER-BORNE PLANES IN THE SOUTH CHINA SEA: An attack on four Japanese convoys attempting to reinforce the garrison on Luzon, now beset by General MacArthur's Invasion Army in the Philippines—*Drawing by Roland Davies*

Carrier-borne planes of the United States Third Fleet have sunk twenty-five ships, including some escorting warships, in a battle in the South China Sea, while four Japanese convoys were attempting to make their way to the island of Luzon with reinforcements for the Jap garrisons there. The planes caught the convoys off the Indo-China coast on January 11. Besides the ships sunk (which included a light cruiser and several destroyers and destroyer escorts) another thirteen vessels were heavily damaged. This is the first time that the American Fleet has been reported as operating in the South China Sea. The indications are that the Japs are attempting to reinforce their army in the Philippines from bases in French Indo-China. No damage was sustained by the American Fleet during the engagement: apparently, the blow took the enemy completely by surprise

THE NIGHT ATTACK ON A GERMAN CONVOY OFF THE COAST OF NORWAY ON JANUARY 12: The cruiser "Bellona" heading for the Norwegian coast to take part in the attack carried out by ships of the Home Fleet



THE FLASH OF THE "NORFOLK'S" 8-IN. GUNS lighting up the darkness as the cruiser fired on the ships of the enemy convoy off Norway

SNOW in the NORTH ATLANTIC

And Action Against the Germans Along the Norwegian Coast

Another valuable enemy convoy, carrying vital war supplies, was almost completely destroyed by ships of the Home Fleet off the coast of Norway early on Friday, January 12. The ships were under the command of Rear-Admiral R. R. McGrigor, C.B., D.S.O., flying his flag in the cruiser H.M.S. *Norfolk* (Captain J. G. Y. Loveband, R.N.). The enemy convoy, which consisted of seven or eight ships, including a large tanker and two M-class minesweepers, was encountered close inshore approaching Egersund Harbour, south of Stavanger. The convoy was illuminated by star-shells, and H.M. ships opened fire. A strong offshore breeze and smoke made full results difficult to assess, but preliminary reports indicate that during the short, but brisk, gun action which ensued, three or four of the enemy ships, including the tanker and one of the minesweepers, are believed to have been sunk. The remaining ships of the convoy were severely damaged, set on fire and left in a blazing condition. Some of them were driven ashore. The enemy made use of shore searchlights, and joined in the action with coastal batteries, but without effect

"THE CROSSING-SWEEPER'S DELIGHT"—continual sweeping of the snow-covered flight deck is necessary on board H.M.S. "Fencer," to keep it serviceable for the operation of aircraft. *Fencer* is one of the Archer class of twenty-three escort carriers: she has taken part in successful attacks against enemy shipping off the Norwegian coast and on the fringe of the Arctic Circle. These vessels are of 14,500 tons displacement, and are all ex-mercantile hulls. Internally these ships contain scarcely any wood the bunks, lockers, chairs, and tables being made of steel: but, unlike British-built carriers, the flight-deck is planked

With the coming of severe winter weather in the North Atlantic and around the shores of Britain, a still greater strain has been placed on commanders and crews of H.M. ships. Gales, with 60- to 80-m.p.h. gusts, were followed by fogs and mists; these, in turn, gave place to snowstorms—some of them of considerable severity, but through which our warships had to steam.

For a ship at sea, snow always brings added hazards. Visibility, for instance, is rapidly reduced in a snow flurry to a matter of a few hundred, or even few score, yards. The heavy falls on decks and gun turrets do not add to the ease of working the ship; and the actual weight of the snow (often freezing into ice) may become considerable. The cold too is often intense, although during the actual falls of snow the temperature may rise All this means extra work for the crews, and added strain for the ship's officers.

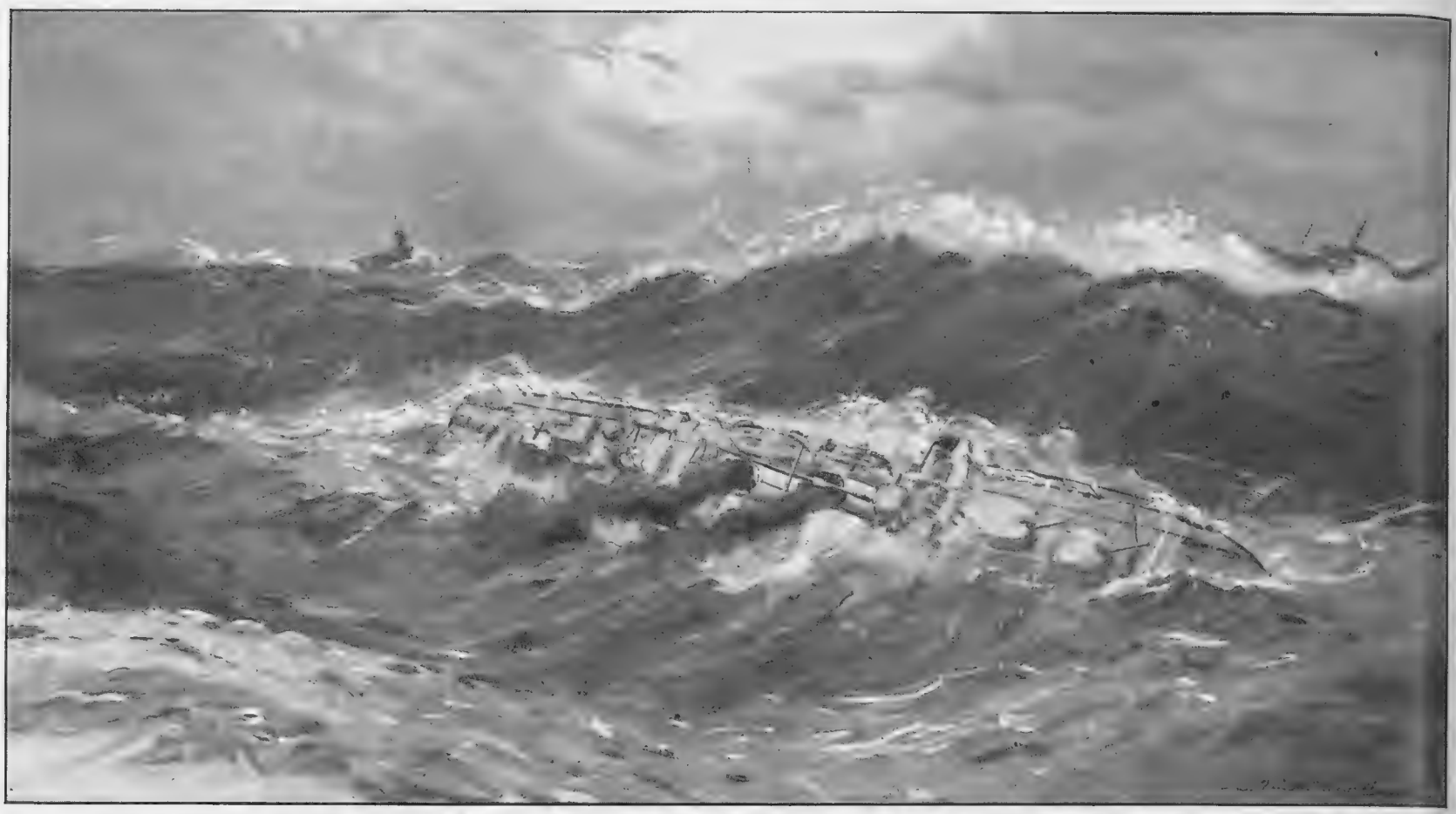
It can be well understood that convoy escorts do not find their tasks lightened by this type of weather, especially in far northern latitudes, where the visibility is always dim in the long, dark days of winter.

In the above drawing, the vessels painted by Mr. Montague Dawson are the mightiest in the Royal Navy: both are 40,000-ton battleships of the King George V class completed in 1941 and 1942 respectively. Six of their 14-in. guns are mounted forward—in one turret of four and an upper turret of two. They are amongst the most powerful warships in the world.

AFTER THE FOGS AND GALES OF WINTER COME THE SNOWS: AN IMPRESSION OF TWO OF THE BIGGEST BATTLESHIPS IN THE ROYAL NAVY COMING THROUGH A SNOWSTORM IN THE NORTH ATLANTIC. Both these 40,000-ton battleships of the King George V class mount ten 14-in. guns—*Drawing by Montague Dawson*

A RESCUE AT SEA: the survivors are hauled to the deck of a U.S. cutter. These men came from two vessels which were torpedoed by the Germans in the North Atlantic in February 1943. The episode is recalled now owing to a Letter of Commendation won by Captain Raney, who was in charge of the submarine-hunting combat cutter which rescued the men. In all, 235 survivors were picked up by the cutter

THE SOS SURGEON OF DEAL COMES ASHORE, after an adventure in a gale in the Channel: In an 80-mile-an-hour gale, the Walmer lifeboat battled through tremendous seas in the Straits of Dover a few days ago to take Dr. James Hall, Deal's "sea surgeon," to answer a call from a steamer. Driving through rain-squalls, the lifeboat reached the ship, in which lay a seaman with acute bronchitis. Great waves swept the lifeboat away from the ship, but after twenty minutes Dr. Hall clutched the flying rope-ladder and made it. The return trip was worse. For an hour he perched on the ship's side waiting to slither down a rope. Once he fell, and was hauled back by a safety-line. He got into the boat at last, drenched but cheery, and when he got ashore he treated five of the lifeboatmen knocked about by the buffeting seas (Dr. Hall is the hatless figure on the right)



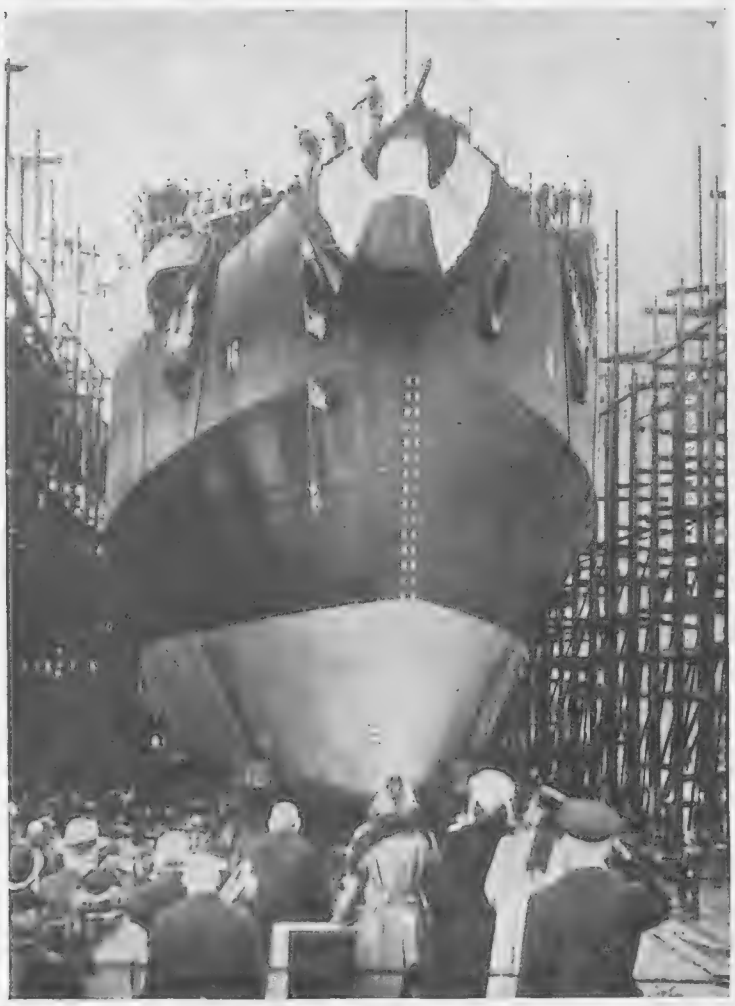
IN THE TROUGH OF THE WAVES: THE EXTRAORDINARY EXPERIENCE OF AN AMERICAN DESTROYER IN THE PACIFIC when the ship was rolled over to an angle of 72 degrees in a typhoon—and yet survived!—*Drawing by Wm. McDowell*

A TYPHOON in the PACIFIC

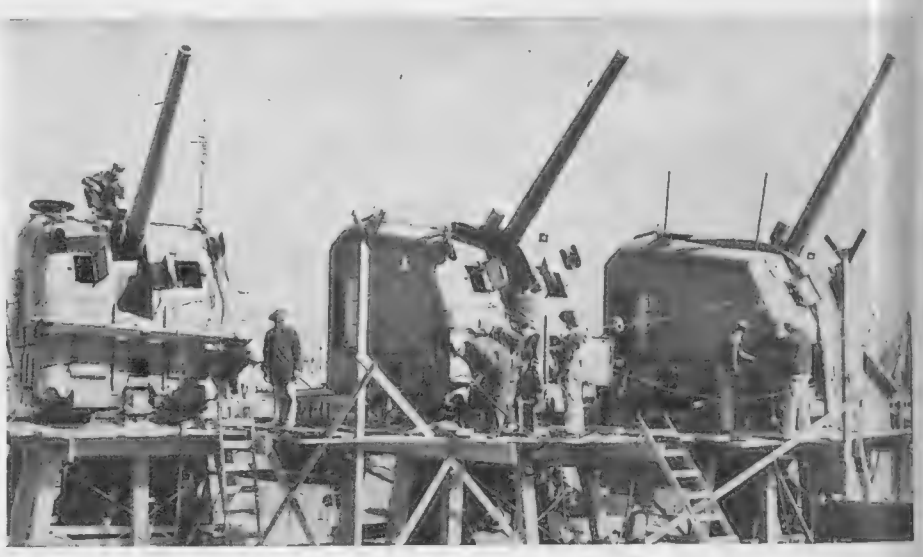
—An Amazing Incident at Sea

And Other Naval Pictures and Drawings

Recently in the Pacific, three American destroyers were lost, not by enemy action, but owing to the terrific seas experienced during a typhoon. Mr. Keith Wheeler, a correspondent with the U.S. Third Fleet, in one of his despatches, described what befell another destroyer which managed to survive an experience which can have befallen but few seamen in modern times. The waves, he said, rose to a height of 40 ft. from trough to crest, and even such leviathans as the big aircraft-carriers wallowed and fought ceaselessly for steering control amid the tumult. One of the accompanying destroyers was caught between two towering mountains of water: she lost steerage way and could not escape from the trough. For the next four hours she lay there, with the wind on the port side, rolling continuously to starboard more than 72 degrees—a roll which left the ship's smoke-stack only 18 degrees from the horizontal! The ship took up to 1,000 gallons at a time down the starboard blower vents after the seas had broken in the bridge windows. Later, the destroyer lost her stack in a roll which must have exceeded 75 degrees: the ship was only saved because of the shifting of the fuel ballast and the superlative work of the men in freeing her of water



STILL ANOTHER TYPE OF INVASION VESSEL is completed at an American shipyard: This is an L.S.D., or Dock Landing Ship; she is sliding down the ways of a shipbuilding plant in the eastern United States after her christening. These huge "travelling docks" are used to carry loaded landing craft to invasion areas, where the smaller vessels then take to the water and head for the beaches with troops and stores. All other details concerning L.S.D.s are being kept secret by the U.S. Navy Department



CUTTING SHORT THE TIME FOR THE CONSTRUCTION OF WARSHIPS: Mounted for assembling on outdoor platforms in the Charleston Navy Yard, these big gun-mounts will be hoisted as complete units aboard American warships under construction, repair or conversion. This method lessens the construction time by a full week. Formerly, the gun-mounts were carried aboard piece by piece and assembled on the decks

REFITTING THE LITTLE SHIPS OF THE INDIAN NAVY for work along the coasts of Burma: These small vessels belonging to the Arakan Coastal Forces steam long distances to take supplies to the Allied fronts in Burma, and they run the gauntlet of the enemy's fire as well as the normal hazards of the sea. To keep them at peak efficiency, they are withdrawn in rotation for refit at a rear base in India. Here two of the motor-launches are being overhauled after having spent some strenuous months at sea

"MAYFLOWER," of the Royal Canadian Navy—925 tons and "armed mainly with audacity"—challenges the huge British battleship "RODNEY"—38,000 tons, armed with nine 16-in. guns—during the course of a 1940 convoy, before the tiny escort vessel had discovered who her intended antagonist really was!

A GRAND STORY of the SEA

A Tiny Canadian Corvette Threatens a Mighty Battleship During a 1940 Convoy

"Mayflower" versus "Rodney" Depicted by William McDowell

THE incident which forms the subject of Mr. McDowell's drawing above was told, for the first time in England, a few days ago by *The Times*. The corvette *Mayflower*, in the year 1940, was sharing with another ship the duty of escorting seventy-five vessels across the Atlantic. One day at dawn, she sighted what appeared to be a large and powerful enemy raider.

The intruder was challenged twice by the *Mayflower*, but no replies were observed. Most of the *Mayflower* crew were making their first sea trip, and their ship's armament consisted mainly of audacity. She lacked even a 4-in. gun. Actually, the *Mayflower* carried eight depth-charges, six rifles, one tommy-gun, one Lewis gun and three revolvers; this was the extent of the armaments she possessed for submarine-hunting in those days, until she was fitted with more appropriate armaments in a British port.

Notwithstanding his light armament, the Captain of the *Mayflower*, Lieut.-Commander (now Commander) G. H. Stephen, gave the final order to his signalman: "Tell them we are going to open up if they do not answer." The message was signalled and back came the reply: "Carry on, Canada, with your gallant little ship"; and the supposed enemy raider identified herself as H.M.S. *Rodney*!

THE TWO SHIPS COMPARED: *Mayflower* is one of the Flower class of corvettes, about 925 tons and 193 ft. in length. She is armed with one 4-in. gun (which was not mounted at the time of the incident), and smaller guns. She was one of eight ships with "flower" names, built in Canada for the Royal Navy and since transferred to the Royal Canadian Navy.

Rodney is one of two pre-war capital ships laid down in 1923. She has a displacement of 38,000 tons and is 702 ft. in length, with a beam of 106 ft. She is armed with nine 16-in. guns, twelve 6-in., six 4·7-in. and many A.-A. and smaller guns. She has two underwater torpedo-tubes, and carries two aircraft, with a catapult for launching them. Her speed is 23 knots. She and her sister, the *Nelson*, were the first British warships to carry 16-in. guns, which are all mounted forward of the superstructure and funnel, giving them an almost tanker-like appearance when seen in profile. They are affectionately known in the Navy as the "Ugly Sisters."

BRIDGES OVER THE BURMESE RIVERS

New Pictures from the 14th Army Battle Area, Taken During the Pursuit of the Japs

A NEW BAILEY BRIDGE COMPLETED IN THE ARAKAN a few hours after Sikhs of the Bombay Sappers and Miners began the task of repairing the damage caused by the Japs during their retreat. The steel spans are anchored to the original stone piers and span a gorge on the Allied lines of supply

A STOUT WOODEN BRIDGE WHICH TAKES HEAVILY-LADEN LORRIES WITH EASE : It is located on the Chinese line of advance towards the Burma Road. The men in the stream are members of a Chinese tank corps in Northern Burma

THE CROSSING OF THE CHINDWIN RIVER : Ferrying men and equipment across the wide stream before the building of the world's biggest floating Bailey bridge. The crossing was made less than twelve hours after the capture of the important town of Kalewa

NEAR KALEWA, which was captured on December 2, 1944 : An anti-aircraft gun and truck which left the road and were wrecked as a result of bad road conditions at the approaches to the Chindwin River

A BRITISH OFFICER NAMES THE NEW CHINDWIN RIVER BRIDGE : Askaris of the 11th East African Division entered the Chindwin River port of Kalewa early in December. Less than twelve hours later, Fourteenth Army troops launched assault crossings over the river. Later, field companies of the Bengal Sappers and Miners spanned the Chindwin with a floating Bailey bridge, 360 yards long, believed to be the largest of its kind in any theatre of war. The bridge sections were brought over 320 miles of winding mountain roads, assembled up-river because of enemy fire and towed by motor-boat to Kalewa. The crossing was soon afterwards followed by the capture of Shwegyin and Yeu

MEN OF THE 11TH EAST AFRICAN DIVISION crossing the Chindwin in Ducks after the capture of Kalewa on December 2

THE FIRST BIG HEAVY-BOMBER ATTACK ON THE CITY OF MANDALAY, IN NORTHERN BURMA, which is now being approached by the Allied ground forces: the scene from the Fort Dufferin area as 500 tons of high-explosives and incendiaries were dropped within ten minutes by the biggest concentration of heavies yet assembled in Bengal. The targets were the areas in the modern quarter where the Japs are believed to be concentrating and ready for a withdrawal—*Drawing by E. G. Lambert*

The task of bombing targets in Burma is one which requires great care in preparation. It is not so much a question of enemy opposition over the target, as of traversing a route by no means easy. High, jungle-clad hills, often enveloped in mist, have to be passed to reach such a target as Mandalay. There must be no engine-failures over the jungle, or crash landings around the hills east of the Chindwin. Arrived over the city, the target presented to the big bombers must have been an unusual one. To the north, within a large square compound bounded by purple-red walls and a gleaming moat, lay the temples and palaces of Fort Dufferin: this is the modern name for the old Palace area completed in the 1850's by the last of the Burmese kings. Outside the once-royal enclosure, the city stretches away to the west and south in a series of right-angled roads. In the view given above, the commercial and official areas are shown in the middle distance; beyond lies the Irrawaddy and the main bridge carrying the railway line to the north

AN E.N.S.A. SHOW IN THE ARAKAN: Three of the troupe "backstage." On the right is Sergeant Alec Purdie (in female costume), and in the centre is Gran Taylor, the accordion player. This picture was taken when an E.N.S.A. production, *Buoys Ahoy*, played by a troupe of seven actors known as the "Greenflies," was giving a show to Allied troops during a tour of the forward areas in the Arakan, Burma. The "stage" was pitched within sight of the enemy's lines, and the show was attended by an audience which had come in jeeps and trucks, or on foot, from miles around

FREE FROM THE FEAR OF JAPANESE REPRISALS, Naba villagers come back as British troops move in on the town after the capture of Pinwe. Wrecked trucks and craters indicate all that is left of Naba station

BOMBING THE OIL REFINERIES HELD BY THE JAPANESE in North-eastern Sumatra: This picture was taken over the target during the raid carried out by British naval aircraft on the Pangkalen-Brandan oil refinery, in Sumatra, on January 4. The attack was made by Avengers and Fireflies (escorted by Corsairs and Hellcats) from aircraft-carriers of the Royal Navy. The power-house and other important plants received direct hits, as did oil tanks and many other buildings. Seven Jap aircraft were shot down and others were destroyed on the ground. In this picture, smoke is seen rising from the target area as one of the attacking aircraft circled above the battered refinery

WAR SCENES IN MANY COUNTRIES

A Selection of the Latest News Pictures from Abroad

IN GREECE, BRITISH TROOPS ASSIST IN THE DISTRIBUTION OF FOOD TO THE CIVILIAN POPULATION. Whilst an enormous crowd line up to receive their rations, regimental pipers of a British regiment march up and down entertaining them

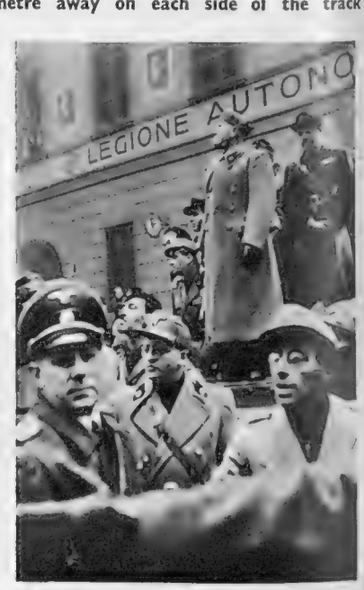
THE SCENE OUTSIDE A BRITISH SOUP KITCHEN IN GREECE, showing the enormous number of people for whom it caters : In an effort to speed up distribution in Athens, and to be sure that everyone receives a ration, the British Commander has issued instructions that each battalion will run its own soup kitchen. On account of fuel shortage and lack of field kitchens, the food is served uncooked. This kitchen alone serves 34,000 rations per day. A ration is made up of dried beans or peas, and soup powder. It is emphasised that these kitchens are run by operational troops, as distinct from those run by Military liaison and U.N.R.R.A. The issuing begins at 10.00 hours and finishes at 14.00 hours ; but, rain or shine, the people begin to line up as early as 05.00 hours. During the hours in which this kitchen is operated, pipers march up and down the queues entertaining the people

A TRUCE IN NO-MAN'S-LAND WITH THE GERMANS, to arrange for the evacuation of French civilians in St. Nazaire : Hauptmann D. Muller is on the left of the photographer and Ober-Leutnant von Reibnitz on his right. An extraordinary rendezvous took place on Wednesday, January 17, at the little, battered station of Cordemais, half-way between Nantes and St. Nazaire, within the German "pocket," between American, French and German officers, to complete the final arrangements to evacuate 13,000 civilians from St. Nazaire still held by the enemy. The Germans, headed by Hauptmann (Captain) D. Muller, arrived with a squad of armed men and three officers—Ober-Leut. Schultz Koehn ; Ober-Leut. Von Reibnitz and Ober-Leut. Jentzsch—who all saluted in Nazi fashion. Arrangements were completed on the platform while the breach in the line was repaired, so that the mercy train could steam into the German-held port of St. Nazaire to wait for the civilians. The Germans searched the train, in which the only passengers were two French nurses who attended to the sick evacuees. During the negotiations a battle was going on to the left and right of the station

THE FIRST OF THE EVACUATED FRENCH CIVILIANS : Over 700 men, women and children came through by train from St. Nazaire to Nantes. The truce was asked for by the German C.-in-C., Brigadier-General Werner Junck. While the evacuation was in progress, the battle still raged only one kilometre away on each side of the track

THE AMERICAN INVENTOR WHO HAS CHARGED THE NAZIS WITH STEALING HIS PLANS FOR THE FLYING BOMB. Mr. George F. Russell has made a claim in the United States that he was the original inventor of the flying bomb. He holds a U.S. patent, granted in 1916, for a model similar to the new Nazi weapon. In this picture, Mr. Russell is seen with his original model of a winged and wireless-controlled bomb : it was taken in America thirty years ago

FINLAND AND RUSSIA SIGN : The War Damage Indemnity Agreement between the Soviet Union and Finland was signed in Helsinki recently. Here Colonel-General Shdanov (on left), the Chairman of the Soviet Armistice Commission, is discussing the Agreement with M. Paasikivi, Prime Minister of Finland, before the signing and sealing



MUSSOLINI IN MILAN : In the Via Dante, the deposed Dictator addresses Italian Fascist troops "before they leave for the front." Behind him is Pavelini, Secretary of the new Republican Fascist Party : German officers are in great evidence. This picture has just been received in London from a neutral source

SHOOTING FACILITIES BEHIND THE LINES IN HOLLAND FOR BRITISH OFFICERS ON LEAVE : A party meets in the deep snow outside the shooting-box lent by a Dutch nobleman for the purpose

THE PARTY LINE A FROZEN STREAM FOR A DAY'S SHOOTING : In a small Dutch village just behind the front in Holland, a local gentleman has lent his shooting-box for the benefit of British officers on forty-eight hours' leave from the line. The party become his guests and enjoy duck, pheasant and rabbit shoots. The country is said to be not unlike that of the English Fenland district : at the moment it is deep in snow

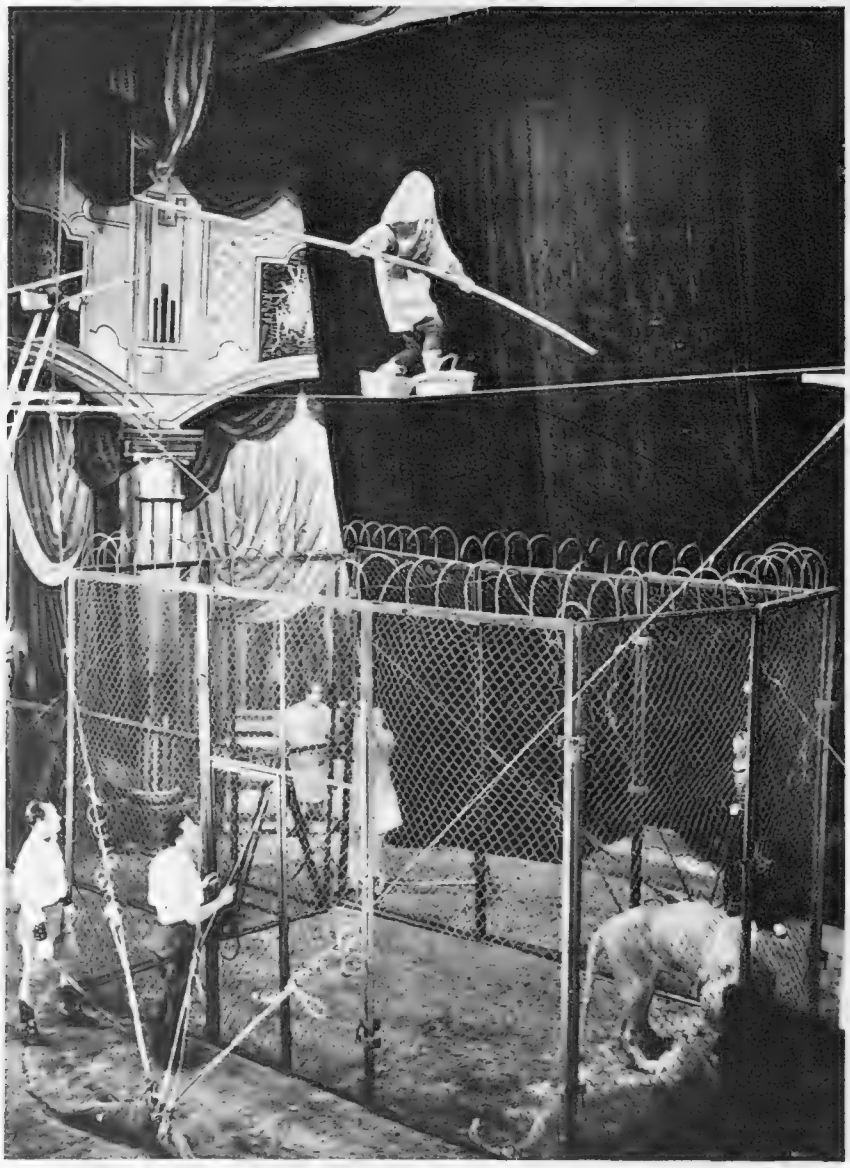
THE FUNERAL OF THE BANDE VICTIMS murdered by the Germans when they reoccupied the Belgian village during their Ardennes push : the coffins are laid out in the snow before the funeral procession

A SCENE IN THE CEMETERY AS THE MURDERED LADS WERE LAID TO REST : These pictures show the burial of the thirty-four young men of Bande, victims of the most recent atrocity committed by the Germans. The men, whose ages were from twelve to twenty-one years, formed part of a forced Labour Corps organised by the Germans on their reoccupation of Bande. On Christmas Eve, on completion of the work to which they had been detailed, these helpless youngsters were herded into a cellar. One by one they were compelled to pass through a doorway. As they entered, they were shot in the back of the neck by Germans standing behind the door. The bodies were then callously thrown into a pit in the same bombed-out house, and a pile of rubbish was then thrown over the pitiful heap. It was in this state that they were found by forward elements of the Sixth Airborne Division when they recaptured the village. This atrocity was the German reprisal for White Army activities in Bande and other villages. The bearers were men of the Sixth Airborne Division

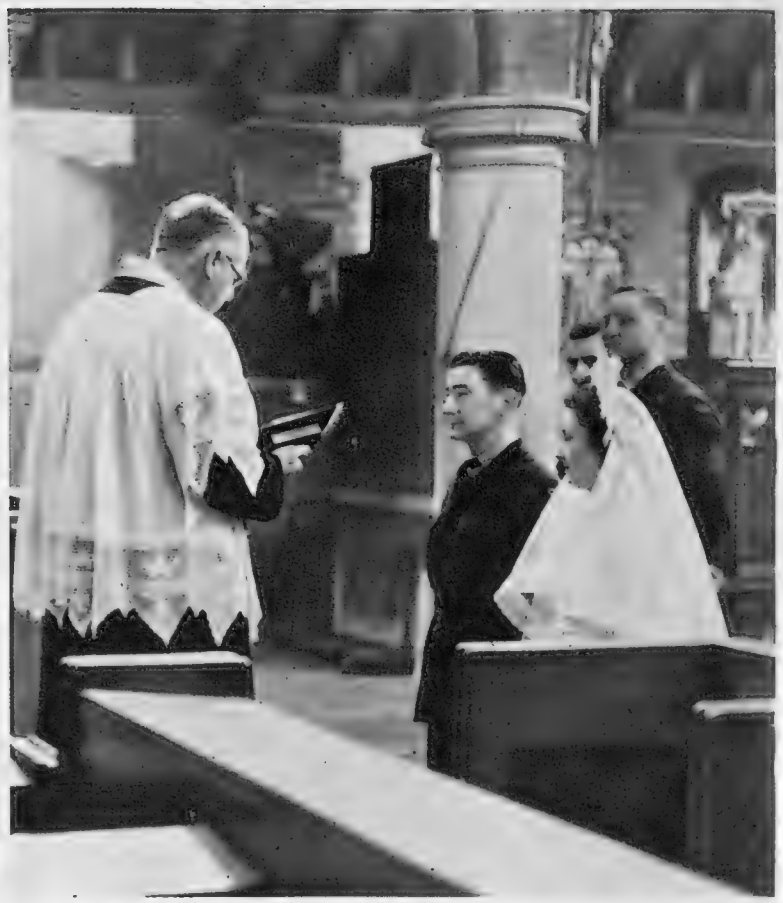
THE CORONATION OF THE MAHARAJAH OF MANIPUR : With his Guard of Honour and beneath a State umbrella, the Maharajah leaves his palace for the Coronation Hall. The ceremony was delayed for three years owing to the Japanese invasion of the State

THE MAHARAJAH DURING THE CORONATION CEREMONY : Bodh Chandra Singh, Maharajah of Manipur, recently celebrated his Coronation on the site of his bomb-wrecked Coronation Hall. The occasion was delayed for three years by the invasion of Manipur by the Japanese, subsequently driven out by Allied forces. It was a most colourful ceremony, involving hours of prayer and incantation, a propitiation ceremony, and weird ritualistic music preceding the arrival of the Maharajah on his richly panoplied State elephant

NEWS-PICTURES OF HOME INTEREST



A DARING ACT BY A CIRCUS ARTIST ABOVE THE LIONS' DEN : Blondini on a tight-rope and blindfolded—a performance which almost ended in tragedy : Blindfolded and wearing a further opaque covering over his head, with baskets attached to his feet, Blondini takes his life in his hands as he walks along a wire rope over the lions' den at the Belfast Royal Hippodrome. A few days ago, the performer lost his balance and fell. He grabbed the wire, however, and swung himself up again. In his fall he dropped his open parasol, which fell into the lions' cage : to recover it, the trainer entered the cage, and one of the lions attacked him. The trainer was able to extricate himself, and managed to beat all the beasts into their corner and make his escape. After leaving the present show at Belfast, Blondini has contracted with a film company to walk a wire rope suspended 1,000 ft. above the Niagara Falls



TWO GENERATIONS OF ANGLO-AUSTRALIAN ROMANCE : In 1935 Rupert Somes came to England from Claremont, in Western Australia, for the Jubilee celebrations. He met Mrs. Dear, a widow, married her, and settled in this country. During the present war, Sergeant Leslie Bales, of the Royal Australian Air Force, came to England from Perth : he met Somes' stepdaughter, Ruby Dear, and they were married a few days ago at St. Albans Church in East Ham. The whole family propose to return to Australia after the war and make their home there

A FAMOUS PORTRAIT OF HENRY VIII REALISES 3,200 GUINEAS IN THE SALE-ROOM : This is "the picture that everybody knows" ; it is reproduced in school history-books, and gives the popular conception of Bluff King Hal. The portrait was painted by Holbein or by a gifted artist in his studio : it shows the King standing against the background of the Privy Chamber in the old Palace of Whitehall. Since it was painted it has belonged to the Seymour family, of which Jane Seymour (Henry's third wife) was a member : it was sent to the sale-room by the late Miss J. M. Seymour, a lineal descendant of Henry's wife. At the Christie sale a few days ago it was bought for 3,200 guineas by Mr. Frank Lambert, director of the Walker Art Gallery of Liverpool. Above, Sir Alec Martin, the auctioneer, is about to drop his hammer at the end of the bidding

THE GREATEST NUMBER OF BABIES FOR THE PAST TWENTY YEARS : More babies are now being born in England and Wales than at any time since the year 1924. There are sixteen of them in this picture, all born at the Queen Charlotte Hospital in London and all receiving the expert attention of Staff Nurse K. A. Mullagh. They are of all shapes and sizes, and each has a different expression !

***On right* — SHEEPSKINS TURNED INTO SMART FUR COATS :** Report says that these will prove as good as beaver fur coats. To start a new post-war industry, the first of them have been made in the mining village of Eldon, in Durham, and miners' daughters are here demonstrating them after being trained to make them in the village dance hall. The coats are to be sold in this country and also exported abroad at popular prices. The present-day price of a beaver coat is £60 : these will cost between £10 and £15

THE TWO PRINCESSES in a CHRISTMAS PANTOMIME

Scenes from "Old Mother Red Riding Boots," in which They Played Leading Parts

At Christmas a pantomime was given at a house in the country in which Princess Elizabeth and Princess Margaret both took part. The pantomime was *Old Mother Red Riding Boots*, written by Mr. Hubert Tannar, who also played Sammy Suction. Princess Elizabeth took the part of Lady Christina Sherwood, and Princess Margaret was the Hon. Lucinda Fairfax. They sang and danced together, and also took part in a ballet of the seaside of the '90's — Princess Elizabeth as a belle of the period and Princess Margaret as a schoolgirl. Other parts in the production were played by friends of the Princesses, while children from a village school were in the chorus. The scenery was designed and made by experts in a film studio. The King and Queen were present in the audience. After the performance the Princesses entertained the other members of the cast at a tea and party

THE PRINCIPAL CHARACTERS IN THE PANTOMIME: From left to right are—Horace Tulkinghorn, the broker's man (played by Frederick Smith); the Dona Salamanca del Castellianos (Mary Morshead); Lady Christina Sherwood (Princess Elizabeth); Sammy Suction (H. Tannar, who wrote the production); the Hon. Lucinda Fairfax (Princess Margaret); Dame Agatha Hubbard (Cyril Woods); and Sir Marmaduke Montmorency (Anne Crichton)

THE PRINCESSES DISCUSS THE PERFORMANCE JUST CONCLUDED: They have removed their tiaras to safe keeping. Princess Elizabeth is seen seated in one of the beautiful golden chairs with scarlet tapestry from the Windsor Castle treasures. This picture was taken immediately after the dress rehearsal, and the Princesses were naturally anxious to discuss how the show had gone, what time had been taken and where improvements could be made before the first public performance on the following day. The Princesses consulted each other freely for criticism on their own performances of dance, song or mime

A DUET AND DANCE BY THE PRINCESSES IN ACT I: The scene was "Outside Ye Olde Wishinge Welle Inn." The song "Swinging on a Star" was followed by a tap-dance when, lifting her lovely lace gown, Princess Elizabeth revealed bright-red tap-shoes. Princess Margaret was in Tyrolean costume, with a black velvet tunic over a white tulle blouse, and a very wide floral skirt. A chorus of children from the Royal School acted as villagers

On right—**LUCINDA FAIRFAX (PRINCESS MARGARET) in a scene with Sammy Suction (Hubert Tannar):** The latter is the Headmaster of the Royal School in Windsor Great Park. This is the fourth pantomime he has written for the Royal Family, with their assistance; many of the situations, jokes, etc., were supplied by the King and the Princesses. The Queen also attended rehearsals when possible, and gave much sound advice and criticism. Mrs. Tannar was Wardrobe Mistress, and also worked hard behind the scenes as a general assistant among the many youngsters in the cast

The World of Books - By Vernon Fane

EMIL LUDWIG'S LIFE of BEETHOVEN

And a Batch of Other New Books from the Publishers

JUST before he died—and he remains a sadly-missed figure in the world of letters and of free speech—Stephen Vincent Benet wrote a little book—little, that is to say, in size—and called it AMERICA (Heinemann. 6s.). He believed that people of other lands would understand the United States better "if they could meet us in our own backyard, learn something of our habits and our history, hear what we have to say and see what we stand for."

The book that is the result of this conviction is a short and lucid interpretative history of the United States, less than 100 pages long and yet holding the essence of what is America. It opens with the colonists of 1600 and closes with the Atlantic Charter. "Listen once more to the voices of the past and present, speaking the American dream," Benet has written, and he quotes, from the words of the colonists, from the Declaration of Independence, from Lincoln and from Walt Whitman, from Franklin D. Roosevelt and from a popular song, and from Woodrow Wilson, who once said: "America lives in the heart of every man everywhere who wishes to find a region where he will be free to work out his destiny as he chooses. . . ."

PAINTINGS DAMAGED IN THE LONDON BLITZ ARE RESTORED TO LIFE: When a single stick of German bombs dropped in London some little time ago, over £250,000's worth of famous Old Masters were buried in one area no greater than 200 yards square. Many of the paintings (which were stored in vaults) were rescued: after being buried for days beneath tons of wreckage, they are now being brought back to life by expert restorers. With the aid of modern science, chemistry, X-ray and graphology of brushwork, the glories of the old paintwork will be restored. The painting seen above is a Gainsborough: the damage marked out in chalk is repaired with special filling after the cleaning process. Mr. George Aczeli, a well-known renovation expert, is here seen inspecting minute detail through a glass

Mr. Emil Ludwig's new biography, BEETHOVEN (Hutchinson. 21s.), has been sub-titled *Life of a Conqueror*, and it is as such that the writer sees him, and never as the misunderstood man or the brooding man of sorrows. Beethoven was immensely ambitious; a man of will pursued by dreams of power, fame and success which could only be realised for him in music. He was a man dominated by pride, defiance, self-confidence; a genius whose refuge and whose triumph were in music.

It is to Mr. Ludwig's credit that, from the mass of documents and letters he has studied in order to get a comprehensive picture, he has emerged with a portrait of a man of real humanity and not a lonely, demoniac and remote figure. He was a born conqueror, in this view, but his suspicious nature estranged people, and he therefore remained much alone, longing for romance and hoping for love.

In "Egmont," in "Fidelio," in the "Ode to Joy," there is another side of his character: his feeling for freedom and for the brotherhood of man. A man of paradoxes, Beethoven loved humanity as an ideal and despised princes and riches, yet he sought them both. Only his deafness held him back from many of his worldly desires. The hardships and privations that Beethoven had to endure as a child and during his unhappy youth left their imprint on him, and so did the want of a proper education and of a cultured home atmosphere. It is curious to think that as a man, and in ordinary life, Beethoven should have been clumsy, but that seems to have been the fact. He lived in his world of music so constantly that he had no attention to spare for the ordinary comings and goings and courtesies of everyday existence.

Above all, as Emil Ludwig depicts him, he was not a misunderstood genius. He was a strong character, a dictator in his own world and a great admirer of Napoleon. Again, although his homage was very real, he was paradoxical enough when he heard that Napoleon had made himself Emperor to tear up his dedication of the "Eroica" symphony.

Beethoven was one who always wanted to outdo his rivals, and to be victorious as a king in his own realm—the musical world. He was no recluse, and had no dislike of women; on the contrary. His love-affairs were known: he paid court to several women and even proposed marriage to two, though he was refused. Beethoven was no monk. He suffered, as so many musicians before and after him have suffered. He was hypersensitive, and small incidents affected him disproportionately. All his moods found expression in his work, and that, like Shakespeare's, is immortal.

The elegant, friendly and light-hearted world of Berry and Co. is familiar to all Mr. Dornford Yates' readers, with which large and faithful band I have for years numbered myself, and I am happy to report that his new novel exhibits no startling changes in their condition. It is true that they cannot any longer afford—as of 1937—to keep up their English home at a yearly expense of £8,000, but, moving to their almost equally beloved Pyrénées (by the familiar Rolls-Royce), they are able to build a new house there which, if I know anything about Berry and his friends, will be an extremely comfortable one.

It is true, now I come to recall it, that there is a murder mystery in THE HOUSE THAT BERRY BUILT (Ward Lock. 9s. 6d.), but although quite a neatly-contrived one from the fictional point of view, it is subsidiary to the fascinating business of building and planning the house itself—a process entered upon *con brio* by Berry, Jonah, Boy and their respective ladies.

Of course, it is just possible that this book may be the first of this series of novels in your experience, in which case I will explain that their reading constitutes a minor cult, and one that is both agreeable, harmless and therefore naturally to be recommended.

Miss Jeanne Gosse has written a spy-story of France on the eve of war which lacks the grimness we have come to associate with such tales, but which has instead the less usual quality of really good characterisation. ST. FELIX '39 (Geoffrey Bles. 8s. 6d.) is a slight story, but it is neither routine nor humdrum, and this is to a great extent because its characters are well observed and its settings described with charm and affection. The whole novel, as a matter of fact, has its own quiet little charm, though I am diffident of using that much-tried word.

THE STORY OF H.M.S. VICTORY (Lindsay Drummond. 10s.) is one that is likely to appeal even to the most sedentary of arm-chair adventurers, and Mr. F. W. Engholm has told it in an easy, colloquial style that will not tax the understanding of enthusiastic junior readers. The first *Victory* was added to the fleet in 1560 and commanded by the famous John Hawkins, but the *Victory* of which we all think, and which many of us have visited at Portsmouth, was launched at Chatham in 1765, stoutly built of oak from Kent and Hampshire, decked with teak and scrubbed down with holystone from Malta. That *Victory* cost the nation £150,000 as against the vast sums of £5,000,000 and £6,000,000 now spent on battleship construction. Her first Admiral was Keppel, and her first big action was fought off Ushant, when she proved herself a worthy first ship-of-the-line by defeating the French flagship. With Admiral Kempenfelt, who introduced flag-signalling into the Navy, the *Victory* once more came into the limelight, and two years later was commanded by Admiral Lord Howe, and subsequently by Admiral Lord Hood. In 1805, Captain Hardy proudly hoisted Admiral Nelson's own flag on the foremast, and from then on the *Victory* sailed to fresh glory, to become the most famous ship in our naval hitory,

Mr. Arthur Upham Pope's biography of MAXIM LITVINOFF (Secker and Warburg. 18s.) has now been published in this country, although apparently the copies of the book were made and printed in the United States in 1943. It is a more substantial production than that imposed by wartime restrictions on British publishers.

Mr. Pope is an enthusiastic and devoted biographer who sees his subject not only as the practical revolutionary of Tsarist days, but as one of the key figures in international politics. His book has been planned as a biography which is also a picture of Russia before and after the Communist revolution, and an assessment of "the efforts to unite for collective security for peace."

"Litvinoff's *bête noire*," writes Mr. Pope, "was not American isolationists, or any frightened leader of the small European nations, or any of the French politicians who were either corrupt or conniving with Hitler, or had lost all power of initiative; the man he rightly saw as the real leader heading the forces of evasion and reaction was the Prime Minister of Great Britain, Neville Chamberlain."

Although he quotes from "a violent speech" made by Mr. Winston Churchill in 1926—a speech in which the extravagance of the language shocked "even the conservative *Daily Express*"—the author traces a later rapprochement between these two men, in which "it was Churchill who moved towards Litvinoff."

His book closes with M. Litvinoff's first day as Soviet Ambassador to the United States, December 7, 1941, the date of Pearl Harbour.

In the preface, Mr. Pope writes that if any part of his book is to be skipped, it should not be the great speeches of Litvinoff himself, which he lists with page numbers. I think, after due reflection, that there is much in what he says there.

This week's murder mystery—that is to say, the pick of the bunch that I have read—is still rather disappointing. I have, in fact, known Mr. Miles Burton do much better than this new one of his, even though the title has a kind of grim humour. NOT A LEG TO STAND ON (Crime Club. 8s. 6d.) opens with the reported disappearance of a young man, whose artificial leg is subsequently discovered artistically buried in the garden of an irascible and much-implicated old gentleman.

So far, so ghoulish. But Inspector Arnold—surely the prosiest of all detectives—now arrives on the scene, and swamps all under a deluge of undistinguished speculation. The mere fact that he solves the whole problem is no justification to his growing tendency to be a very dull dog.

THE YOUNG PUBLIC SPEAKER: Twelve years old, Michael Cassidy addressed the meeting of the West Sussex Young Farmers' Club in the final County Public Speaking Contest at the County Hall, Chichester. Michael is a member of the Fernden Boys' Preparatory School Club: he spoke on "The Practical Value of Young Farmers' Clubs" to an audience which included the Duke of Norfolk

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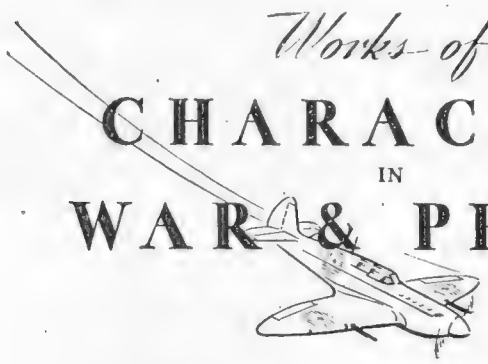

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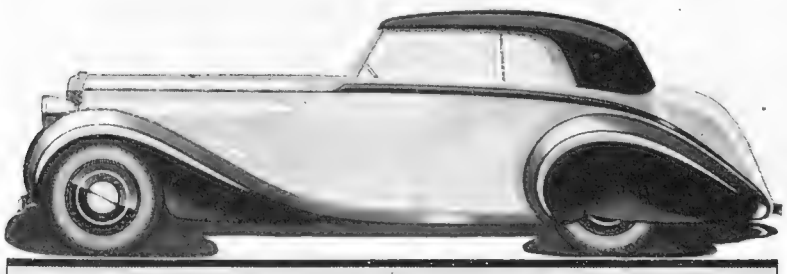

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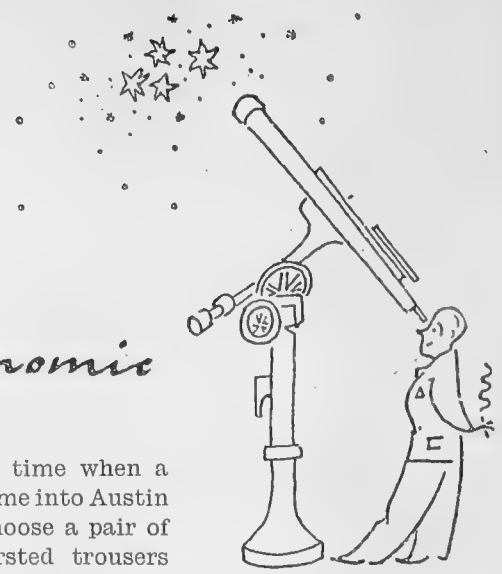

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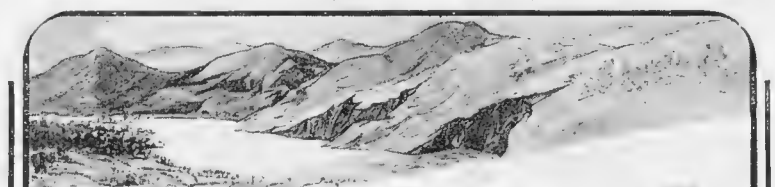

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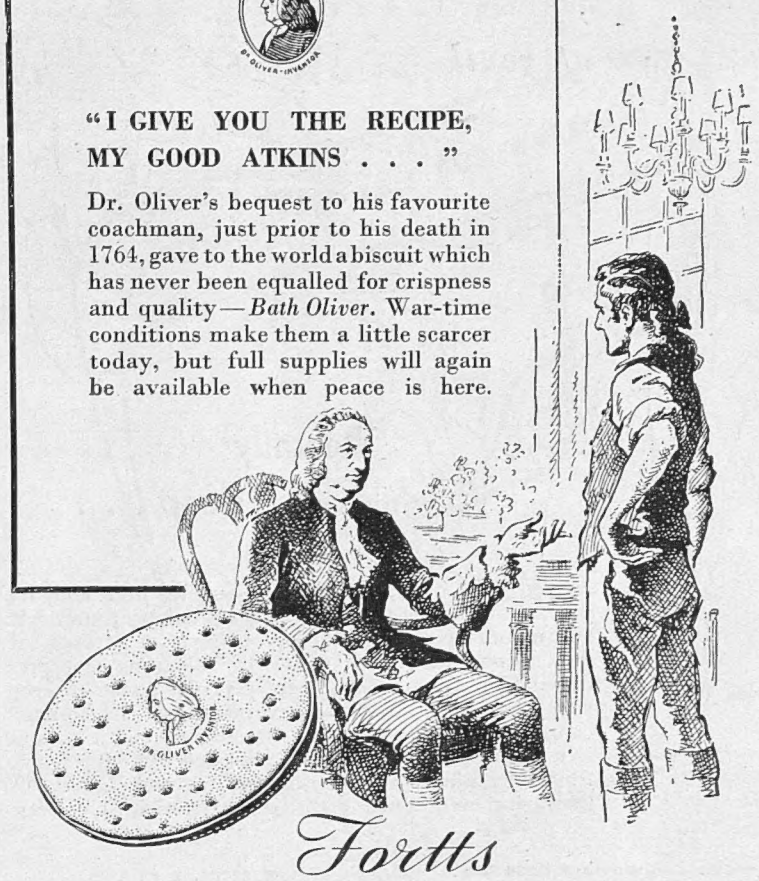

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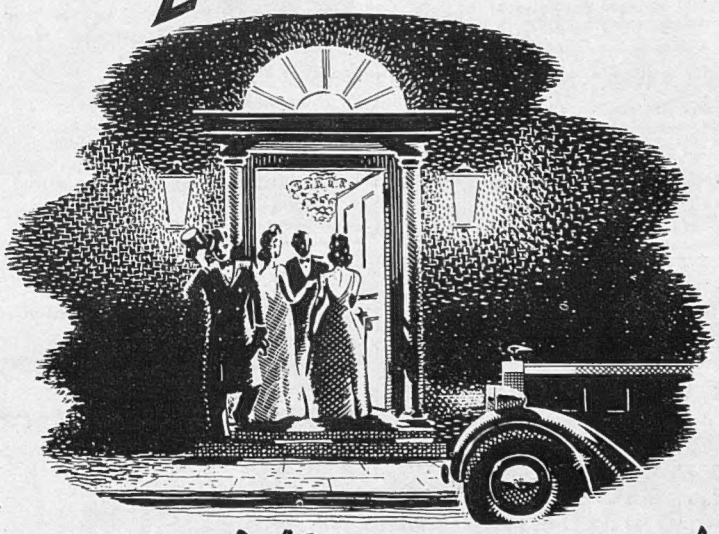

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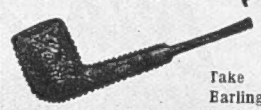

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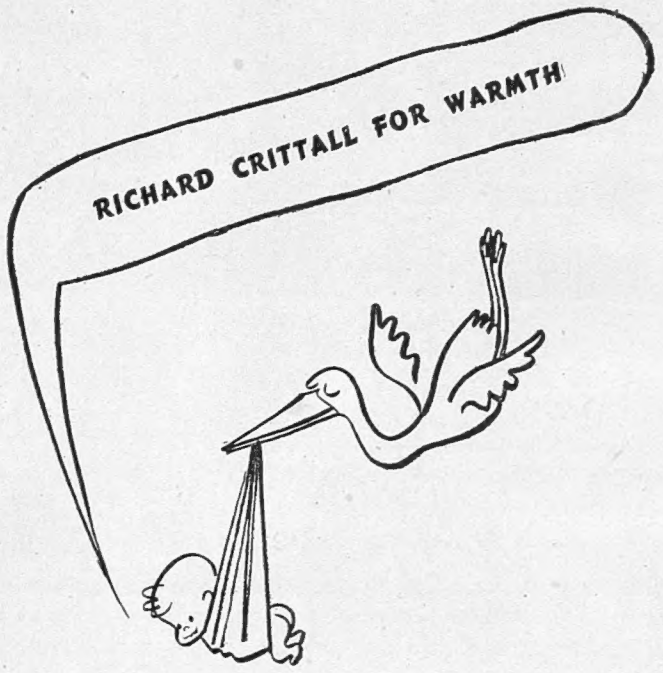

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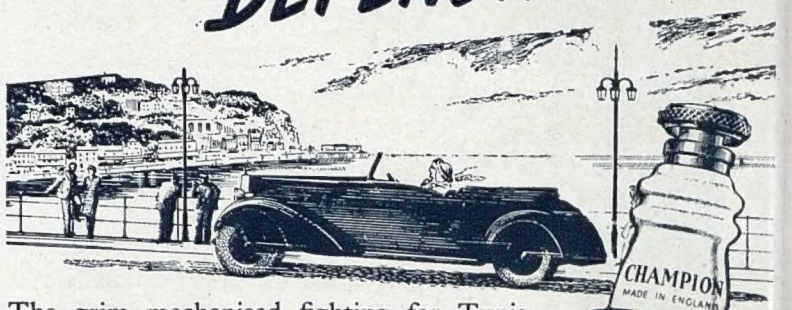

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